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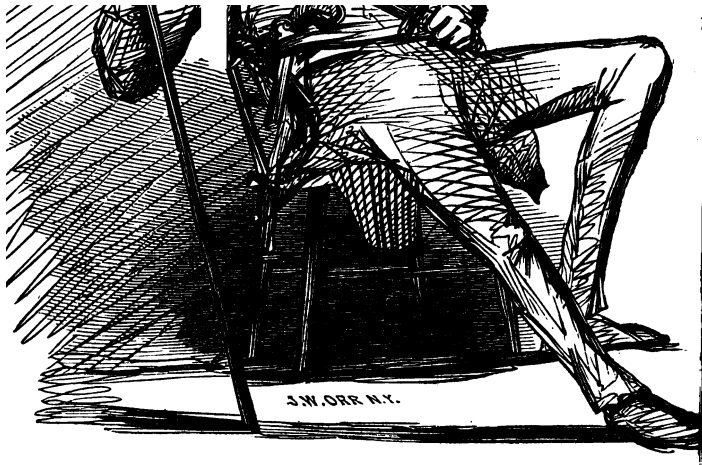

OSSAWATOMIE, OF POTTAWATOMIE.

mmander in Chief of the Peter Funk Army—22 in number; and Presi
Provisional Government.

[*Page* 3.]

THE MOCK AUCTION.

OSSAWATOMIE SOLD,

A

MOCK HEROIC POEM.

WITH PORTRAITS AND TABLEAUX, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CHARACTERS AND ACTIONS OF THE WORLD-RENOWNED ORDER

OF

PETER FUNKS.

"Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit, or rein his tongue?
Or who has such a dead, unfeeling sense,
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crack'd with the weight of sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black, ravenous ruin, with her sail-stretched wings,
Ready to sink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips sealed up? Not I: my soul
Was never ground into such oily colors,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:
But, with an armed and resolved hand,
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth."—BEN JONSON.

Mann S. Valentine

J. W. RANDOLPH,
121 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA.
1860.

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CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

This first chirrup will plainly show,
Individual inclined to row;
He thinks on principle to do it,
Assisted by uncommon wit,
And the apparition of a flaw;
Yet fears the shadow of the law.

THE MOCK AUCTION.

CANTO I.

In other times, and better days,
Heroes strove for laurels and for bays,—
Nor risked their precious lives and souls
Riot-running, for hydra goals;—
Nor shunned the glaring beams of light
To fall upon their prey at night;
If they had honest difference,
They used with zeal, their common sense—
For in that time, there was enough
Of that same valuable stuff,
With which, those foppish heads to stick,
That now hold nought,—but Rhetoric,
That make every cause of schism
Flow from some despicable *ism*.
But, that was an heroic age,
And sterner virtues did engage

The efforts of a manly race,—
Who, toiling with a rugged grace,
Drew honest bread from virgin soil,
And never thought, or dreamt of spoil.
Such were the views we had taken;
But, of late, they had been shaken,
By no less a person, than he,
The Jack-a-lantern of the Free,
The mighty Treason's Trumpeter,*
Who has created monstrous stir
The whole gaping nation over,
By something he did discover;
And in his pipings may be found,
That all our notions are unsound
On the Revolutionary
Period of our country,—very;
That cold *selfishness* and grave *vice*,
Were carried on then, in a trice,
And *faction* scarce could be subdued,
Among our first family brood;
That *public faith* was very small,
And *loyalty*, merely—not at all:

* W. H. S Seward

That, that was not the time for *virtue*,
In which had *culminated* few.
He said, it was in history,—
P'r'aps! written by mystery,
Or Medium, or Witch, may be,—
Who before, betwixt, behind can see;
One born with caul over the eyes,
Can see out of sight—if he tries.
Trumpeter dwelt on these what-nots,
Like painter, gazing in gallipots,
Sees visions gloriously bright
In Raw-Umber and Silver-White;
And, from the mess, a picture seems
In majesty to rise,—it beams,—
It was a thing of mystic life;
It surprised, not pleased, the palette-knife,
Would make the lofty easel sick,
And freely vomited the maulstick;
Yet, it did pretty well subserve
His ideal, of a chef d' œuvre.
Now, from these aforementioned flaws,
He goes to work to frame wise saws,
To suit the really rotten times,
And get himself and friends some dimes,

Of which they could not greatly boast,
As fam'ly supplies, so much cost
Us now-a-days, they rarely leave
Aught for Missions, or Widow's grief.
But we shall see, by the sequel,
To what their means were fully equal;
What the amount of furniture,—
And, if their generous garnature
Surpassed Sir John Falstaff's soldiery,
When he ordered them up,—merrily.
And we will not anticipate,
But push our subject at a gait
To suit its elevated nature;
Nor break down the useful creature,
Some *anti* and *ism* bardlets ride,—
Almost to death—before they've died.
Treason's Trumpeter was a student,
And when his vasty mind was bent
On a subject of some moment,
He, 'tis gravely said, could scent
His game, as well as hound or pointer,
Or Scotch, or English terrier;
Espy the smallest d'fect in law,
And build a haycock from a straw;

Never needed thought from any one,
His mind, as a gorgeous sun
Which shedding light into itself,
Might fairly be esteemed a Delph-
ic oracle to other men,
Who were not blest with Godlike ken.
Thus our worthy,—in brief we see,
Is soul of wit, and pedantry;
We surmise, he his powers knew,
Besides, he felt an ardor too,
And like a cock, that strutting out
All among the shy hens about,
And watching pigeons flying near,
Who, ever and anon, would scare
His most precious guardian charge,
Because their shadows were so large,
And raced so fast along the ground;
He would pursue them with a bound.
And thoughtfully, every day he spent,
In getting at their full intent;
These flitting shadows were the law,
And, in them, he too plainly saw
That his position was a thing
The very nicest;—it might bring

His valued neck into a noose,—
As quickly as another goose:
This set our thinker to thinking,
Till his eyes waxed sore—with blinking.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Here we introduce another rook,
In this next canto of our book;
And, show to you, how fond they are—
Windy Bags,* and Treason's Trumpeter:
And cause of their feeling's fusion
Is,—our grateful Institution.

* H. W. Beecher

Trumpeter felt, with strength of cause,
One might trample down those laws—
Which have had their spirit wasted
In being, wholly,—disrespected;
His passion was a Geyser burning,
His soul throbbed with furtive yearning,
To hit on plan so feasible
As would, with safety, enable
Him to obtain a big reward,
Putting—not self, but others forward,
To wrestle against a weather
Portending storm, of blood and thunder.
At last, he said, with strong emotion,
In accents of burlesque devotion;—
"I will consult an honest friend,
On a minister, I may depend,
A very pious man is he,
The most important thing for me,

For, with religion on my side,
Into port I may securely glide;
I will not stickle about creed,
Any, or none will do indeed;
If he but roost in high position,
This is the apposite condition.
At this moment occurs to me,
Brother such and such an one—three,
But, of all these gracious wags,
I do most prefer, Windy Bags;
For he is the best of fellows,
Plumes himself upon his bellows,
Which rouse the embers up these days;
He will resound my own just praise."
"From his ready pen, 'twould seem
His fertile mind did take to steam,
And, by fire puffed up, elastic,
Burst forth words profuse—bombastic;
And suited to *his* thoughts alone,
Were great hunks of fancy, all fly-blown:"
"I admire those fine conceits,
The attic kernel of wise cheats;
And, pray! who will not be cheated?
Not because he is depleted,

But, as one likes a skilful lie,
When 'tis told right merrily;
I feel as though, for my own part,
One's friends shouldn't be without art."
"Soon will I my crony visit,
And partake his generous meat,
Then con and talk these matters over,
And tell him what I did discover.
We will there discuss together,
With compliments upon the weather,
Those topics which concern my soul,
Which seemeth, aye! past all control."
Trumpeter now twists and twitches,
And pulls on a pair of breeches,
And filling up a coat of solemn black,
Marches forth as to an attack;
But, hardly thinking in his mind
Such reasonable friend to find;
For their views all glided into one,
With heat of their cause, like the sun
Will melt, on a hot summer's day,
A large lump of butter away;
And the grease of fine argument
Was wont to flow, with apt intent.

Windy Bags would bless the dawning
Light of such propitious morning;
Proffer'd the use of his bellows,
Whenever Trumpeter chose,
And his influence, to further the aim
Of his friend, in pushing the game:
For times were sadly out of joint,
Twas just the moment for a point;
He had designed, and would assail
The rotten world—with tooth and nail.

Now, reader, you will wish to hear
The darling object of their care,
Whence the source immense, of happiness,
This affiliation and caress.
Did you ever know two lads find
A shiner, to mud hole consigned
By bachelor of leaky pocket,
How they like each other,—dandle it,
So dainty,—is extempore *spec*,
That buys to craunch their own mintstick.
This, then, is the gracious feeling
That comes over our friends, stealing.

Trumpeter's head had undergone
A thorough search, to find the horn

That would blow the notes, peculiar
To his theme, and dulcet to the ear;
Notes to draw the supes together,
Like straggling flock to bell-wether.
For, 'twas his office, as the Big
Peter Funk, and first-Fiddle-me-Jig,
To devise such schemes of play
As would suit each Mock Auction day:
To direct course of Street-Wise Pilots,
Station Beckoners, about in spots;
And pose Diplomatic Bidders,
Aye—drill them, starch up to actors,
As to impersonate a passion
Obedient to occasion;
Impress the Funk-High Constable*
With the nature of the gullible,
And strength of burgomaster tricks
When enforced by *acoustics*.
Hence, you perceive, that Trumpeter
Might be called upon to muster
Much the greater part of his brains,
For honor of fingering the reins;

* Peter Funk, auctioneer.

Yet, he never minded drudgery,
Long as his *peepers* could descry
The lineaments of birdling,
On the Spectre White Box* sitting,—
For in time he thought to come in hail,
And sprinkle salt upon his tail;—
Or, *en couchaut*, to the arrows,
On his own, and Uncle Sam's—quarters:
But finding all his work was vain,
He threw it up, and tried again;
More than ever, resolved to snare
The mighty fowl, when unaware;
He wrought a springe, with Buncomb skill,
And baited it with *principle;*
And this, he thought, was just the flam,
To catch the bird of Uncle Sam.
Now Peter Funks are never slow,
Finding some-nothing which will go;
Equal to grand South Sea Bubble,
Or any of your musty rubble,—
Including Morus Multicaulus,
Which gave funds such a tumble-*bus*.

* The President's House.

It seems strange, at first, they hit upon
The very thing that had no fun
For forging party capital;
But large objects, afar, look small
And seem to trifle with our wit,
So, our Institution, though a unit,
Is just the very biggest one,
That blossoms in radiant sun;
And he who mixes in our mess,
Will find himself—a unit less.
But vain spirits—puppet Neros,
Never look beyond a length of nose;
There they stand on a rock,
Adorned with buskin and with sock,
Yet verdant, isolated wights,
Who never knew their wrongs from rights,
Never dreamt of laws of nature,
Nor seen the gist of other creature.
And many are of such a kind,
Who born with eyes, are living blind;
Prodigiously endowed with pates,
Who use them only in butting gates,—
Like sheep, that long to reach the fold,
Always butting—with heads so bold;

There are those, with all their learning,
Dont know butter's made—by churning;
Couldn't wear shoes, rights and lefts, two days,
They are put on such curious ways:
And these are they who always fight,
As well for wrong as for the right.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Quite a mess of "Pease porridge hot,"
A spree, vulgar speech, and yawning plot;
Philosophy, items of news,
Hopes of honor and profit—profuse.

CANTO III.

Now Windy Bags was ample host,--
For his congregation paid the cost,
And Treason's Trumpeter enjoyed
Stuffing, at which he was employed,
As well as plans of discovery;
Beef, shote, and puddings savory,
And chit-chat, full of squibs and slugs,
Give piquant relish to sweet nugs.
Talk had worn out, they were snoozy,
One was nauseate, both were boozy,
And coughed and hiccoughed very greatly,
When a side-door opening gently,
In walked a small company,
Just from meeting of sympathy.*
Windy Bags, with much confusion,
Introduced Deborah Delusion,†

* Convention of Infidels at H., 1853.
† H. B. S. true

Faith Foggy,* and Pepper Foozle ;†
In the mistiness of his snoozle,
His dimly lighted memory,
Partaking somewhat of the spree,
Was playing off a small deception
On his organs of perception ;
His worship, with strange obliquity,
Was making friends,—old as antiquity.
In smothered tones, the men of liquor
Called for the news, particular ;
Faith Foggy, who part had taken
At the meeting, sought to awaken
His friends by loudly repeating
His speech ; in which he gave beating
To that "old dead chick, Washington,"
Who, though "pretty good battles won,"
Had been "greatly overrated,"
For reasons which he had stated :
He said, that he had forged a chain,
For immortal body and brain,
Condemned a noble humanity
To a state of vile inanity ;

*W. L. G[illegible] †— S.

Faith Foggy, who part hath taken
At the meeting, sought to awaken

Said, Humboldt was a humbug-*mun*,
As well as old George Washington,—
Who would prove, by analogy,
Animal genealogy,
To such men as our Sambo Sphinx;*
Indeed! he said, "The old man drinks,
And must have been in his toddy,
To speak thus of any body;
For, said he, "where is better hull
For the sense, than Sambo Sphinx's skull;
As to the true shape of his pelvis,
That I think 's his own business—
More, how could Humboldt come such fetches,
And yet not see through folk's breeches.
I appealed to traveller Volney,
And Geography of Olney,
For origin of our brother;
Whom, I should wish to trust, rather
Than any of your Dutchmen's say—
They being of our own kidney."

* F. D. We derive the information from one of the Peter Funk travellers, and philosophers, that the Sphinx is certainly the *pater familias*, of which Sambo is the illustrious great-grandest-son.

" Here I faced about, in discourse,
To give variety and force;
And straight pounced upon the Bible,*
In a manner indescribable,—
I asked, where was gump believed it,
And not a voice answered for it;
This passed, I began to bristle,
Nor fear I'd pay for my whistle;
I asked—' what is it to believe?'
And replied, ' what you may conceive,
What your pastors may for you weave
Into *ist*, or *ian;* and this,
To you, is understood as promise.'
Here, breathless, Faith Foggy broke down,
Preaching up the Devil in the town;
Taking opinions of people
As errors of church and steeple.
When Pepper Foozle essayed to say,
" Our meeting's unsatisfactory!

*We refer the reader to this disgraceful speech in the Hartford Convention of 1853; even the least objectionable portions of which, we have reluctantly quoted, in illustration of the character of that enginery used towards the subversion of our government and religion.

Although, Foggy, you did your best,
Pray! what do we owe to all the rest?
Your blaspheming was a venture,
Though a part of our indenture;—
For, our understanding is, to whip
All creation to our stirrup;
To mould the mind and heart anew,
Though it cost the Ritual true,
Break the Cup of Communion,
And destroy—the blasted Union:
This is our creed, our religion,
In this we see no division."
"Bravo! bravo! cried the house of sin;
We will to-day—any time begin
To take such just and proper course,
As shaped by interest, or by force;
All we want is to have a plan,
Then we are ready to a man.
Now Pepper Foozle ardently burned;
"Deborah and self have just returned
All puffed up from our trip abroad."
"Then," said Trumpeter, "let's have the word."
Said Deborah, "There is some zeal,
No money though, they only feel,

And wish us well in every zone—
But this is said in under tone.
We went, you know, to Lion Hall,
But there found matters pretty small;
Met Snob Spindle,* and had our say,
Thought his mouth set rather awry;
He did not see money in the thing,
I told him money it would bring,
That I had coined golden dollars
From some manicles and collars;
Which tucked into glowing periods,
I'd magnified to myriads:
I would take the barest subject,
Destitute of an argument,
And, like hero, scourge the world
To the banner I'd unfurled.
I am Deborah,—prophet called,
Foretold new Sisera should be mauled;
Not Gospel Deborah of old,
Delusion's Deborah told
Her story,† at mouth of swivel,
Prompted by her God—the *devil.*"

* The wealthy E., manufacturer.

† Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Now," said I, to this Snob Spindle,
"If you would your brave pockets fill—
Since India's gone to rack and folly,
Jamaica, Cayenne given up to die;
To Fillibust'ring—Shepherdess
Of Feif*—go thou! to her, impress
With hope that her clan property
Would make her a mint of money;
That she could rob the Western jenny
Of giant, Old King Cotton easy;
And thus, she would do living deed
For self, and you, and country's need;
More, make some people stir their pegs,
Who now depend on Fetter-Legs:†
Much the world shall thank her for it,
Instead of curse her cruel visit,

* D. of S:

† The most enlightened and funniest people known in the annals of time, doubtless is the Dollar Nation; who eagerly swallow and digest all the Gulliverian romances concocted by Mediums, and itinerant Peter Funks, regarding colored slaves; i. e. *their being set up for targets to amuse marksmen*: *their working with legs fettered by a chain*; *their being harnessed to carts to carry heavy burthens*; like the White slaves of Europe.

On those Three Thousand Families,
Who now crave human sympathies.
In cotton, Six Thousand Acres
Would serve to allay painful fears,
Employ The Realm with better thought
Of her wanton act, she would be sought
By all beloved, adored, admired,---
And be next Queen----if she desired."
Snob Spindle could not see the merit
Of the plan; more, did not think fit
To tamper with Western Interest;
I left him to his high behest."

"You'd hear what we did for our cause?
Read the great Bamboozle Club* laws,
Went to all their Gas Escapings,†
And had most stupendous greetings;
But our friends are so far from here,
Have so much else for which to care,
So plaguey fond of their affairs,
They have no time to think of ours.
Their quibbles and pockets oppose
Entering our cause, a single nose:

* Foreign Abolition Societies. † Mass Meetings.

They have deal of talk together,
Sometimes churned up in the weather
Of debate, slips in the papers;
Yet are what boys call Di-dappers,----
Fowls, that lay mum upon a stream
Of lucky occupation, gleam
In sunshine,---nor cast a shadow
Except in their own still water;
Though a notion may promise fine,
Interest says, *we must decline*,
And flip they go, to waters deep
Where Shut Mouthed caucus counsel keep."
When the *piping time* shall come,
We may look to the Dark Asylum,*
Which Starved Imp Regiment† will send;
Aye! be too glad to see their end:
Since vaunted love for them has ceased,
Now, they know the nature of the beast;
Good will is sham, professions hollow,
When found they cost the Almighty Dollar;

* C. † We shall see how this promise was realized.
‡ The *getting* of that "Watch"-ful animal lately represented, in that exceedingly humorous publication, the Cat's-Paw; *or*, *Punch*.

As Cub, is too near kin to us
For his love to make him generous."
Aunt Deb: had nearly reached her stretch,
In making biggest sort of speech;
And now resolved to wind it up,
With "But another little drop;"
She liked "the spice that was in it,
For it suited well dyspeptic;"
Yet, "could never relish flavor,
Of hardly—any kind of liquor:"—
"The cause, I will assist alway—
But writing books, I vow! wont pay;
In my last, I overshot the mark,
And will not again embark
In anything, that might impair
The fortune of a single heir.
But any squibs I can throw off,
You may have them for their worth.
And may delusion crown your brow!
And juggle fill your pockets too!
Here is a bumper to success,
Of Dollar hopes,—and Funk finesse!

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

Windy Bags returned to consciousness,
Cries up his guest's deservedness;
The party beg a speech from him,
Which presently comes,—acervatim;
The spokesman, greeted with applause,
Makes sudden exit, at the pause.

CANTO IV.

Windy Bags to her discourse, replied,—
"Hopes are renewed,---fresh cut and dried,
By Treason's Trumpeter to-day;
And we shall take our course straightway:
He lets fly, to my happy heart,
A something that will make you start;
You know him as a clever student,
I value him for wise intent—
Excuse me, if I compliment,
For it seems my natural bent."
Faith Foggy hastened to request,
That misty Sir Oracle be pressed
To let the secret squarely out;
For, it must needs be monstrous stout,
And matter of wholesale import,
That rouses Windy Bags in this sort.
By bashfulness, and ahem-ing,
The wondrous fellow beginning,

Gave a most unusual nose-blow,
And followed it, with babbling lingo,—
Like sly culprit or soothsayer,
Jabbering forth to dumb-founder,
And pass for a half-wit, or mystic,
To stay judgment, or play a trick.
Trumpeter, an adept in juggle,—
Though tight, could yet inveigle;
Merging from the state, called *glorious*,
He launched in style euphonious.
"Compatriots! brothers! and sisters!
Mormons! Mediums! and rest of us!
Pray! listen to my chat, in silence,
And, surely, I shall rouse your heart's response,
By relation of some things
That do temper of bewitchings;
The tickling torments of my brain,
For these long years, and years again.
Waiting, and yet waiting, still more,
Rampant and rolling on my floor
From early eve, till latest dawn,
For this bright something to be born,
Which might lift me from bed of straw—
Some good requisition of the law,

That elevating me to power,
I might bestow on you, a dower."
"At last, the inspired lightnings flew,
Directly this burning brain through;
Ah! I felt it not when coming,
'Twas so underhanded moving;
Penetrating the *os frontis*,
Like a small fire-work it would hiss,
Integuments seem to be nought,
When lightning's melting into thought.
I dont know whether I depict
Red-hot fantasy, as it streaked;
Or, whether you know anatomy
Enough, to judge the atomy
That did shoot, like golden arrow
Quickly, through bone, skin and marrow."
"Inspiration is a mighty scarce thing;
Did you ever hear butterfly sing,
When 'tis rising on the first wing
From philomot cocoon, in spring?
It is a very great rarity,
Even more so than charity.
Inspiration! I have felt it,
Basked and smouldered in it, smelt it—

Iridescent in pyrotechnic,
And flamboyant in candlewick;
'Tis like saltpetre and brimstone,
To shoot through marrow, skin and bone;
They are stuff correlative,
And given to work wonders with;
And, as the result of my thought,
I opine, they should soon be bought,
And friends! that we had *better ought*
Leave this all to Factious Blowpipe,*
To mix up and see 'tis ripe
In time for one Ossawatomie,
Of far-famed Pottawatomie,
Who knows its ev'ry use so well—
For Peter Funks, the very *sell.*
We will work and galvanize him up,
Then offer him as a golden cup—
But to us, the true gold will come
From the spirit of this old Rum.
All we hazard is the *police,*†
Who, unsuspecting, sleep in peace;

* B. S. † The authorities of Va.

On Fetter Legs we may depend,
Their promises they daily send
Through Piddle About*—our wily spy,
Who by now, has mapped the country,
Of the States' Mother†—hill and dale,
And noted river, bay and rill
With such wonderful precision
As might be required for invasion.
He invites us to the border,
Now ripe for rout and disorder;
Our prospect is all heart could wish,
Our *blubber sop* is in the dish.
Yes, I say, we are coaxed and begged;
Ossawatomie, needs be egged
By hopes and promises of gold,
And we'll be here, if he is sold."
Now, each, as he wóund up his speech,
Clung to him with mouths of leech,

* Representative of the Peter Funk espionage institution.

† The Old Commonwealth from whose bosom sprang heroes and statesmen, whose bounty has been States, and whose warm maternal blood thrills through the half of a great nation.

Craving more inspiration still----
For lack-logic heads, and pocket's weal;
They clapped, huzzaed, and drank his health,
Wished him fame, happiness and wealth;
And vowed they would stick to him, until
He had fairly footed up the bill.
As to profit, he might divide
As his best judgment might decide;
He should be my Liege Gobbler,
And always strut in high-feather;
Should act, and never be reproved,—
This meed, his powers well deserved;
He was the greatest man on earth,
Saints and witches did attend his birth,
A guardian angel held his hand,
And wisely taught him to command;
His generation would be proud,
To hang about him in a crowd,
And memory, when he was dead,
Crown him Greatest Peter Funk—they said.
Now, after such big ovation,
Promising realization,
The steam might be considered high,
Too high, for any one to try

And venture word additional;
Oratory is conditional,
There is point, to take the pressure off,
Or folks begin to sneeze and cough,
At the eagle's abrupt descent
Into a lower firmament.
This, arch Sir Oracle, well knew,
And, hastily, bid friends----Adieu,
Promising they should meet again,
And settle matters straight and plain.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

Great Trumpeter retires to bed,
Speech and liquor floating in his head;
Sees funny visions in his dreams,
He fights a bed-post, and then it seems
In humility apologizes;
Sends for a man of great devices,
Who hints certain means of success—
Proposes a victim for finesse.

CANTO V.

Treason's Trumpeter softly creeps
Into his bed, and soundly sleeps
On his glories undying bright,
As crowns the spangled roof of night;
He rests like a tired soldier,
Replenishing his vigor.
And, as morning winks her pearly eyes,
And Sol drives forth into the skies
His blooded nags in livery,
The sparkling rays, from harness fly
Unto the home of Trumpeter:
They fall aslant upon the window,
Or, venture in at crevice open
And furbish up the lodge within;
They tremble on the couch of error,
Or, steal away in utmost terror
From his pallid lineaments.
As vibrates the pendulum of sense,

Sluggishly, through the morning's doze;
The sleeper would partly arouse,
And rolling to and fro, mutter,—
And eagerly grasp at the bolster,
And bite the buttons on the case,
With blandest smile upon his face;
And twist the blanket into gun,
And cry,---"Bang goes! dont they run!"
Then, stoutly clutch at the bed-post,
Dreaming of *wringing out* a host;
Exclaims, "Hurrah for Buncombe!"
And wrenches forth the column;
When the bed unkey'd, tumbling down,
Distorts his leg, as supple clown;
He "murder!" screams, and "set me free!
Oh, heavens! Iron Will's* got me!"
Now awake and looking 'bout,
He sees the cause all sticking out;
And like a burly, great big man,
He strikes the post, hard as he can;
Saying: "Now try this over again,
If you wish manicle and chain,

* H. A. W., Governor of the States-Mother.

When the bed unkey'd, tumbling down,
Distorts his leg as supple clown;
He, "Murder!" screams, and "set me free!
Oh, heavens! Iron Will's got me."

[Page 44.]

And a dungeon dark and dismal----
And a good starving time, withal."
What a very brave man is this!
He suits pretty well fighting business,
Who fully awake and sensible
Bangs a post that's unreasonable;
Hits a blow and can't repent it,
Mauls a thing that can't resent it.
Time jogs on, 'tis after breakfast;
Feeling compunction at the past,
Straight to his fallen berth he goes,
Snubbing—"I am sorry for your woes,
I did not mean to treat you so,
But when steam is up, away I go;
Thy oak-hearted stead, many a year,
Thy pine-knot slats and sleeping gear,
Have borne me well unnumbered times;
May I ask forgiveness for my crimes!
I might have thought you Iron Will,
Who wished my choicest blood to spill;
O! wreck of bed! downfall of cover!
May I crave you, as forgiver!"
After this fair explanation,
He felt righted in position;

And as last night he missed his booty,
Now begins to think of duty;
Gravely surmises that he ought,
Just now, to send for Silent Thought.*
He would be a useful member,
Though apparently sparkless ember;
He possessed a deep undertone
Of knowledge, to the very bone,
He well knew how to turn about,
And where to sift the good things out,
If they had in ashes fallen;—
Neglected genius awaken,
Have rich travellers dismounted,
Find which of the banks discounted,
And if a Funk could have a note,
Put right through, by a friendly vote;
He had the run of all the matters,
People's, civilians, and Mayor's.
He had a silly, unmeaning look,
But in his head he bore a book;
Full of what was talked here and there,
Knew all men's thoughts both far and near.

* Type of the Political Procurer, the Reader may apply the character to any of that numerous gang he pleases.

He was wonderful as a spy,
Could see opinions in an eye,
And catch and fix each human stripe,
With the glance of—Daguerreotype.
Resolved early to see the spy,
Trumpeter gave a startling cry
To his *one help*—White Minion,*—
The porter, maid, and scullion;
Who, urged by eternal press,
Was dispatching all business;
As though to get his matters right
Ere he laid down to die, at night;
When shrill he heard his lordling's call
And remarked footsteps in the hall;
The cowering sneak came out to view,
And to his master's looks askew.
He was the gauntest thing of life,
With visage sharp as fresh set knife,
Limbs as trim as famished grey-hound,
With many an old bandage bound;
The original,—veritable,
Death abridged from the fable.

* The White Slave of the Dollar Nation.

As his staggering steps he drew,
Trumpeter in fierce passion flew:
"Hark ye! pale faced serf, why thus slow?"
Wretched Minion, shrinking from a blow
Now stole back towards the cellar,
Frightened at the boisterous fellow,
And brutal treatment of the Free;
Who owned him from dependancy,
And held him by certificate,
As part and parcel of estate.*
Poor Minion, clinging to the door,
Eyed the monster as he'd roar;
Without daring to give answer,
Lingered there to hear his order:

*The white Slave is bound to his master by no tie, and vice versa; his circumstances impel him to seek and bear a servitude degrading to him from the nature of the tenure. For all the sympathy and liberality he receives from his proprietor, he might as well be sold to the evil one.—when once in the grapple of the Free, he is compelled to endure wrong and opression; he shall behave in humble and obsequious manner to his Lord and Lady,—and be very gracious to the petty princes of the household; since it is only through a recommendation from one employer that he can procure a home with another, and his powerful Lord may withhold this, either to punish his disloyalty, or retain him at his pleasure.

"Minion!—dog! I want Silent Thought,
Quick! go you out, and have him brought."
Minion replied: "Pray sir! I fear
The buzzards are now hovering near,
In high waiting for my carcass;
And I'm afraid to show my face,
For they may hook me, I am so slim,
Before I ever shall find him."
At which, Trumpeter was wroth,
And ripping out a mighty oath,
He gave poor Minion lusty kick,
Unsettling him, with many a brick,
From the crazy wall 'gainst which he fell;
He thereby had a safe portal,
By which he might decamp the place
And start upon a good foot-race,
About which he tried to be alert,
Regaling him with—*Song of a Shirt.**
Now, Minion had a handsome search
Into Court, Theatre and Church,
Through the long range of active streets,
And thence to those of Funkish Cheats,

* Thomas Hood's chant of the white slave.

Along the haunts of low and mean,
The *Freeish* dirty and obscene;
Till worn out, he stopped to see a window,
To which many other folks would go;
Here, he had not long been stopping,
When he saw the Funk eaves dropping;
And bolting to the straggler
Gave the message of Trumpeter;
And, quickly, turned back to fulfil,
The requirements of the ogre's will.
Soon Silent Thought with limping came,
And crumpling up his valiant frame;
And this was but his usual way
Of playing 'possum, every day.
Treason's Trumpeter called him in,
And with such language would begin:
"You are a safe man, Silent Thought,
Your wisest counsels I have sought
Regarding this vile Institution;
We must have from it—absolution;
Or, we shall surely to ruin go,
As down the tide our rivers flow.
You can be, I know, an active man
As any of the highway clan;

[*Page* 50.] SILENT THOUGHT.

Enlist then, I have desserts for you,
If, to prove your worth, you will be true,
And give a helping hand to me,
You shall be made—a Secretary.
Silent Thought with ardor thus replies:
The office pictured in his eyes:
"I'll knock around through this whole land,
And find exactly how things stand;
I think they are now as they should be,
But much the better way would be,
To send on South a pack of spies,
And, anon, publish some few lies;
The latter is essential, abuse
Is here, with us, of common use;
You yourself can write such proper views,
And publish almost where you choose,
If you will only pay well for it;
They never stop to measure wit:
There is, you know, old Bald Dirty,*
Will put into his paper, aught he
Thinks will injure any worthy cause,—
His trade is, to fight against the laws;

* H. G[illegible]

And if you wish, he will make such lies
As will serve to fit all countries.
Yet I think the better way, with most,
Were promises, as they nothing cost;
And you had better write to those,
Whom you might perhaps suppose
Desirous to affiliate,—
There are very many in the State,
Who need but simple letters;
Say you wish them for abettors;
And they, in turn, will write a *fly*,
In some useful papers ready by;
Or, if prefered, you might simply say,
'I should much like you to display
Our glorious flag upon the breeze;'
Tell others: 'placard all the trees
That in their neighbouring forests grow;'
This will substantially show
To all the country folks about,
That now you are fairly out."
  See your friends, without regard to class,
So that no doubting man can pass,
To take up notions contrary;
And you must be exceeding wary

Not to stumble, if you would live,
Upon a base conservative;
Such strange animals do exist,
And had better all be missed;
For when you find a man, that will
Hold on to his opinion still,
On this all important matter,
You had better play the squatter;
For he, besure, is in the ring—
Dare say he has seen the very thing;
And knows much better than you or I,
In which direction is the lie;
He who has had a chance to travel,
Depend is not the chap to marvel
At any of your murderous stories,
But better fit to nip your glories;
Regard for these things I would advise,
If you would be wiser than the wise."
Treason's Trumpeter felt obliged
By sagest thoughts that came two-edged,
His glory from afar he spied,
And thus to his monitor replied:
"Silent Thought, one word before you go,
Are you aware my money's low,

Though striving for a principle,
Full grand enough the soul to fill,
Yet, I have known of no supply—
My pocket's desperate—empty;
And good work—though it appear strange,
Cannot proceed without the change."
Then stood Silent Thought and surmised,—
Indeed he was too much surprised;
"Why, really, Treason's Trumpeter,
You must, I ween, be more astir,
Or you will be a piteous butt;
Are you not acquaint with Money Cut?
He would soon hearken to a word
From you, his lands art very broad,
His mills are running all the time,
And ships he has in every clime:
I beg you would a dinner give,
For he likes very much to live,
Pile on him every compliment,
And then and there divulge intent:
I know him well, he's of our clique,
And I would to him fully speak;
His money should in part be ours,
Have you not given him your powers?

And your exertions, at the best?
I think he surely will be impressed
With the wisdom of our eminent cause;
Money is nothing more than straws
That look gigantic in the field,
By a spark of fire, they are annealed;
'Tis magic piles of dross and stubble,
Made to give the owners trouble:
There is no doubt, Money Cut would give
His piles must worry him—to live:
I would at once, without delay,
Appoint for him this dining day;
And now, Trumpeter, please excuse,
I hurry forth to get the news."
And away he jog-trotting went,
With head tucked down, and shoulders bent,
With heaping lump upon his back,
And hitching joints like Limber Jack.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

Trumpeter inflated high with hope,
Dines rich Money Cut, like a pope;
Lays open the state of his purse,
The monied man is right perverse,
But, to his pitiful appeals
Unlocks his heart, which good reveals:
Cut leaving, makes new acquaintances—
Supposes them to be the Frees.

What is reckoned like good counsel!
What great endeavors doth it instill
Into the soul, exalted till it frets
With offerings of loaded pockets;
It keeps our anxious stomach's well
'Gainst each hungry, growling spell.
Thus Trumpeter expands
With hopes unnumbered as the sands,
In view beholds the thing he wished
As though it were fully accomplished.
He borrowed funds to give a dinner,
To tempt the palate of the sinner;
Invited Money Cut to dine,
And freely flowed the lowest wine,
And fairly spoken was the speech;
His well larded peer, he did beseech
To give his boggling hopes a lift,—
Yet the latter could not see the drift

Of his sophistic argument,—
And hence it fell like ball that's spent.
"For," said sagacious Money Cut,
"I well can see the racy nut
That you yourself in time shall crack,
But how'll I get my money back?
'Tis by this Institution ugly
Me and mine are living snugly;
Its thrift but evidently makes
The butter on our batter cakes,
Aye! the batter cakes themselves unbuttered,
Could they speak, these truths had uttered.
I cant fall out with Cotton King,
But you being quite out the ring,
Don't see the Institution's wise
To a manufacturer's eyes;
The *principle* you say is wrong,
The *principal* I know is strong,—
So with *principle* and *principal*,
I think your prospect's rather small."
Treason's Trumpeter gave reply,
Disappointment speaking in his eye:
"It is no matter of dealing,
Cut,—as you are a man of feeling

This appeals to your virtuous sense,
And not filthy dollars and cents:
Remember the Pilgrim Father!
And from his example gather
A few of those earthly graces
Which lit up their downcast faces.
'Tis very vain for man to hoard,
To bury money in a gourd;
'Twas made, friend Cut, to bounce around
And give each heart a gay rebound;
The poor may, some day, in plenty hie,
And the rich, some time, be poor as I;
You, sir, possess a vast domain,
My lank son may, perchance attain
Such wealth as yours, you may lose it,—
And you see, in turn—I have it;
And likely with the tables turning,
Your son may, as I, be fawning.
Cut! you'd emulate the Pilgrim,
With him I know you'd sink or swim;
There's no man among us, but would,
He was *heaven-wise*, by nature good,
Not like other whelps of Adam,
Begot and reared in mortal sin;

'Tis not concealed he loved the pelf,
But he'd learned to deny himself,
And making as he did, all he could,
He gave the useless scraps—to good:
And when his principles required,
Nothing but principle desired;
And this had with him ever stood,
If aught in preference—to God.

With you men of stern common sense,
Who are schooled to calculate expense,
And look at things tangible alone,
I find of higher wisdom,--none;
Save the crumbs you pick up Sunday,
In worshipping hours of that day:
Now, by the sturdy Gates of Gath!
Will you go forth, our next Sabbath,
With your fine coach and prancing nags,
To hear the eloquent—Windy Bags?
He beats the drum, he calls the roll,
And tells the bellman when to toll;
He has his gun,*—which loading true
With eloquence, shoots the same at you;

* This Thespian divine, on one occasion, when the interest in his performances was declining, bethought him of the ruse of introducing a *rifle* into the pulpit.

His doctrine, sir, is like a line,*
'Tis so geometrically fine,
And is of such unmeasured length
That breadth and thickness are not its strength.
He 'tis who'll right soon convince you
Of Puritan principles anew;
He will unlock your heart of steel
And indicate, in truth, that weal
Worth all your struggles here below,
And tell you where you should bestow."
Said Money Cut, with deep feeling,—
For his thoughts he was concealing:
"Windy Bags, I've always found
A worthy minister and sound,
And he may possess a virtue
In every single feature;
He may man be, the exactest,
Whose principles I like,—not practice.
Now this much I would say to you,
The direction taken is the true;
But my name must not be public,
On account of one Whistler's Dick,†

* Definition of a line in Geometry. † Rumor.

Who sees things not only passing,
But way off in the distance coming;
For large benefits daily come
From abroad, stalking to my home;
I have but now arrangements made
For an extensive season's trade;
Pray! with my name be pretty still,
I have contracts with Iron Will,
Which, methinks, are too nice a thing
To risk upon uncertain wing.
To-morrow I'll send Lickspittle*
To show that I'll do a little,
And not be absent from duty
To poor, miserable sooty."
Looking down in meditation,
He summed up a contribution,
And muttered to himself in this way;—
While Trumpeter in ambush lay,
As watchful as crouching mouser
At the future look of Towser;
"I'm thinking how this may be done,
And yet not feel that it stints me;

* The *certificate slave*, of yet the greater slave of passion.

In woollen cloths 'twill not be hard,*
Just to run short each—one yard;
That will not be so enormous,
But my gift from it were generous."
And thus he settled on a mite,
To be taken from another's right,
Which would be thought a monstrous gift,
As assisting in the objects left.
He felt all over very fine,
Thus to have struck upon design
By which to look to Trumpeter,
As far from unworthy member,
And at the same time to promote
The cause to which he gave his vote.
He stated to his friend a sum,
That would within fair reason come
Near the result of *The Scissors Gift*,
And chuckl'd at his artful shift;
And looking at his watch, straight rose,
And shaking hands with Trumpeter, he goes.

* We have heard great complaint among the merchants for past years, regarding the *shrinkage* of various kinds of goods; until we believe they have now settled down into the philosophical opinion, that *nothing holds out now.*

Just as these friends were 'bout to part,
They plumply met Craven Heart,*
With Ossawatomie talking,
As they along the streets were walking;
Treason's Trumpeter hailed the pair,
And introduced Money Cut just there,—
Asked the party to take a wink
Of something that was fit to drink;—
But Money Cut being rather late,
Parted with them at the gate;
While the other three proceeded in
To the house, they so oft before had been.

* G. S.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

Some more friends of the Trumpeter,
A Popinjay and a Tartar;
Latter wants money, blood and plunder;
Trumpeter, with his palaver,
Tries to draw his yeasty frenzy down,
Popinjay quietly slinks around
Making a meagre, hen-pecked speech,
Evoked by Tartar's personal screech.

CANTO VII.

The trio now had gone to liquor,
With an all becoming vigor,
And drunk in deep and strong potations,
Unheard of abominations;
Each one had squatted in a seat,
Ossawatomie with dirty feet,
Plied wrath and mud against the wall,
'Till inside would the plaster fall,
And frighten the next tenements,
Nor less surprise the elegant gents;
Who being made of clothes and fluster,
Wondered at the Fillibuster;
They stared into his swarthy face,
So destitute of every grace;
For he looked like unearthly creature,
With phiz of malignant nature,
With gloating eyes of Boa Constrictor,
And beak for nose, like to vulture,

Mouth of insatiate glutton
Bound with leathery tortoise-skin,
And head of bristling porcupine,
Poised on neck of wiry serpentine;
His long and lathy frame—remnant
Of famine, unutterably scant,
Yet, quick spirited and brawny,
When contrasted with the flabby
Figment of softest flesh and nerve
You might, in Craven Heart observe;
Who with a nature so ductile,
His nerves seemed organs of his will;
He was very sheep, in the skin
Of a seditious grimalkin.
And these were chums of Trumpeter,
These some spirits, who would incur
Part of brunt,—who loved disaster,
Coming on fast, and still faster.
The wild old Ossawatomie
Fairly embosomed with the Free,
Would drink his liquor with a vim,
And then draw the other two to him,
Saying—"My larks! we must be done
With this gibberish talking-mun;

We should be laying out our toils,—
I feel the urgent lack of spoils,
This resting on one's oars so long,
Is to my mind entirely wrong;
I, sirs! am ready primed for deeds,
To suit the cogency of needs;
I have stolen no horse for days,
I am getting rusty in my ways,—
With houses, none to fire by me,
It seems I am purging deviltry.
Here by your proffers I've been kept
Wasting the virtues of adept,
Till, presently, I will forget
The means my appetite to whet;
For blood and rapine doth require
Dexterity as well as fire;
I must do murder, if tis you;
Haste! prepare me work, or you rue
The hour you sent for such cattle,
To pitch into your slow battle;
I tell you, sirs, you have a Greek
In me! I want to hear you speak?
In silent admiration, both
Gazed to see the old felon wroth;

Full well they knew he had the pluck,
And taste for any sort of muck,
On which they had proposed to skim,
While he, in it might barely swim.
Great Trumpeter addressed the wild
Villain, to be reconciled;
"I think Friend of the Thunder's Blast,
You are inclined to be too fast;
You know our traps are not yet set,
I am now arranging, to get
Reliable survey of the ground,—
For really this will be found,
Important in the first degree.
Suppose you visit the country!
Judge whether open war were best,
Or you might be well impressed
With sneaking guerrilla strife,—
Without such wholesale waste of life;
Then work the thing as best you can,
Doubtless you are our very man,
To lay the circuitous snares,
That'll trap those silly little hares;
We know you capable to fill
With fright the house of Iron Will.

Ossawatomie, to be brief,
You have been the most successful thief
Of all the knaves of Border War,
The coolest, most daring outlaw,
And far beyond all others, sir!
The pride and pink of—murderer:
You, were the world spread before me,
I should prefer for villainy."

"Go forth! thou blood-thirsty chieftain!
You shall slay, yet ne'er be slain;
'Tis you our bardlets love to trace
In long descent from noble race,
Your sires were in former ages
Of the better sort of savages,
And must, I think, have lived near by
Our Sambo Spinx' ancestry;
Whom history tells us were so great
They straddled rivers in their State,
And made such riddles and conundrums
As puzzled the Theban young 'uns.
Your later progenitor no doubt,
Was like you leader of redoubt
Of Puritans, three hundred years
Agone,—but deserted, it appears,

To enjoy a nice preferment;
Yet, by vice and law to prison sent,—
And then and there gave up the ghost,*
To be at the subterranean roast.
Then your next greatest grandfather,†
Came to Cape Cod, in bad weather,
And set-a-going in that country
Our Codfish aristocracy,
And all those isms and caprices,
That are misnamed, pious graces.
And the next, in unbroken line,
Was the arch chap who took Burgoyne,‡
Or prisoners rather—whom others took—
To get them roosting place, and cook."

* "Robert Brown, leader of a sect of Puritans called Brownists, weary of his office renounced his principles, and was preferred to a church in Northampton." "He assaulted a constable and insulted a magistrate, was licentious" and "died in prison 1630."

† Peter Brown said to be one of those who came over in the Mayflower.

‡ One of the Funkish slang-whangers throws some light upon our subject, by informing us, that Brown's grandfather guarded a portion of Burgoyne's army, after somebody else had done the fighting; and that this proves our hero to have sucked in "military spirit from a patriotic ancestry."

"'Twas your parent, stranded on that stone,*
Good as most to paviers known;
And you, along with millions more,
Come full descended from that score;
You were born, I vow! to be a Free,
By the genealogical tree.
How we swagger, Ossawatomie,
When all these things we know and see;
That we are not as other men,
Born and nurtured in deadly sin;
You are our particular pride,
Of all other Codfish beside;†
As minister was educated,
To Bob Brownism dedicated;
Yet not born merely to possess
This ism only, but to address
The world to firm obedience
To all its tenets; to dispense

* The Plymouth altar stone,—now removed lest all their boast might be buried by the encroachment of the water.

† The papers of the Dollar Nation say he was watchfully educated for the ministry; he has fulfilled a mission.

And enforce any ultra pill,
Without consent of mawkish will,
To ram stout throats with nauseous drugs,
And if needs be, apply our slugs,
With Minnie-rifles and pop-guns,
Lances and all—contradictions;
This we may do for gold or fame,
In and through the—Most Holy's name."
This free and lugubrious speech
Tired Ossawatomie by its reach;
He felt restless to get relief,
And should have liked the sermon brief;
With Puritan cant was sated—
Gas he never appreciated;
Then he had forgotten his father,
Ignored the whole business,—rather;
'Twas "just meself," as Paddy says,
That deserved his thoughts now-a-days.
Rejoicing when the end he heard,
He would venture forth himself a word;
"I like to fight those battles gory—
Aye! and fancy bit of glory;
It is something sweet as honey;
But falls dreadful short of money,

The yellow, ringing stuff I want,
For my family all are gaunt;
We must the stomach have supplied,
Come after that, objects for pride.
Now raise me funds pretty soon,
Or there'll be a great muss, old coon!
Just here, upon this very ground,
We'll pitch into a scene all 'round;
And disturb the house and neighbors,
By some sonorous belabors:
You'd have me leave my household all,
My wife and children, big and small;
Then go you out, and your smartness put
To use, in search for Money Cut,
And for the safety of his neck
He must, I vow, fill up a check;
When this is done, then will I start
Forth with the valiance of my art:
Of my success, I fear nothing,
It shall soon fly on the airy wing
Of lightning, which thinks in the wires,—
Then light, on every hill, bonfires.
But why is it, snaky Craven Heart,
That you do not with us take part?

Do you feel disinclined to urge,
With us, the necessary purge?
Then Craven Heart, in sickly note,
Expressed his willingness to vote,
For any thing that came along—
Whether it were right or wrong,
He would "plank the money down
To him who will wrest glittering crown—
With jewels set, yet forked with fire,
Of old Sic Semper Tyrannis ire;
Will fortune give to him who'll kill,
And bring the head of—Iron Will."
He said on him they might depend
To see them thro' to bitter end;
He felt he had on him a charge,
His family was somewhat large,
That they were so affectionate,
He himself could not leave the State:
But that anything just 'bout there,
Might receive his most 'special care.
He would promote the cause in any way,
By writing or speaking in the day;
But out at night, he never went.
"My morals have never yet been bent,

I have followed the line of duty,
In its unwavering beauty;
I have always been consistent,
And what is still more pertinent,
I feel as though prepared for death,
But do not wish an anxious breath."
What a violent contrast have we,
Craven Heart, and Ossawatomie;
One, a cautious, cowardly noodle,
With soul no bigger than a poodle;
The other bull-dog, crossed with cur,
So grateful to the heart of butcher.
Reader! do not always think to find,
These rabble squads all of a kind,
They are as fancy shops, at retail,
Whose funny wares, Rag, Tag and Bobtail,
Are on the counter to be sold—
For what they'll bring with so much gold.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

In this canto you have a view,
Of a people—quiet, staunch and true;
Who at Funk anti's and ism's smile,
As decayed follies of the Nile;
And with pity, regard a freedom
Replete with crime, as old Edom:
With something 'bout a volcano,
And an eloquent letter, O!
From the pen of Flaxen Haired Bub,
Trigger-setter to Beelzebub.

CANTO VIII.

Now let us take a hasty peep,
Over the land of peaceful sleep,
Where living virtues reign supreme,
And cruel rapine is a dream ;
Where baneful riots never come,
Venturing from their native home ;
But commerce spreads her ample sails,
Or rides by steam upon the rails ;
And daily toils her implements
Of industry, on some wise intents,
Where we never hear of *strikes*, or fraud,
Except when coming from abroad,
Nor drunken rout, nor mad'ning spree,
Nor songs of wanton revelry,
No virago preacher of the Free
Love—nor petticoated M. D.
Where treason, holding no position,
We have yet to hear of sedition ;

Where people all are satisfied,
And friendly, vote side to side,
On various questions as they ought;
Votes and honors never bought,
For who among us is so bold
As to offer up his purse of gold,
To our men of worth and labor;
He might surmise what he'd incur,
Eye of darkest hue before the sale,
And with music, riding on a rail.
These are the people! this the land!
For the inroads of a frantic band;
Did Craven Heart? Ossawatomie?
Or, Treason's Trumpeter, ever see!
Well over the quiet border,
This nation of lore and good order?
Save thro' their petty, shilling spy-glass,
With oblique view, immersed in native brass;
Has Money Cut, or Silent Thought,
In their fanaticism sought
To know those dangerous folks,
On whom they wish to play their jokes;
Have they ever looked into the worst,
Stopped a moment to count the cost

Of this whimsical invasion,
Against the moral Institution.
You hear them say, volcano's sleep,
And that beneath us, there is a heap
Of dire, concealed combustible,
Enough to flame up many people,
And they themselves possess the match,
To stick into this fiery batch;
Whether Lucifer, French, or Friction,
Would perform this goodly action
We will not know till they shall try it—
And then, *we'll get a glass and spy it.*
We once looked through their telescope*—
Reader! you don't remember it, we hope,
To find you are too old a coon,
To hunt the man that's in the moon;
But green—we most surely did it,
When lo! the man was in our pocket.
You will please excuse this divergence,
It will add presently to the sense.

* The exhibitor of this moonshine show may be seen on Broadway, day and night, levelling this instrument at the—*sixpences.*

Now, ever since that famous sight,
We have ne'er played—philosopher at night;
Have ne'er allowed both eyes and hands,
To *ticket through* to moonshine lands:
So, when glass we take to spy the match,
We'll bid our hands be on the watch,
And when the view is fairly over,
We'll tell them what we did discover.
A funny thing is a volcano,
So strange it never lets one know,
When 'tis resolved to make *a go*,
Till actually heards the blow;
A sum, not for calculation,
It whips the science of a nation.
Some poor sight-twisted fanatics,
May trustingly enquire at Old Nicks
About what seems to be his work,
May get items from his Volcanic Clerk,
And primp themselves on being wise,
When, in fact, deceived by false entries:
And funnier yet than volcano,
Will be the deluded's salvo;
And appeal to the Engineer of Fires,
To mulct their friend,—the King of Liars.

The Funks, themselves, had never been
To States Mother, but had-go-between
For their scouting, as for fighting,
And he was mapping it and writing;
And the ink-ish Fillibuster,
Passed for would-be geographer;
He had thrust himself upon the land,
And was playing gentleman—the bland—
The elegant—and courteous,
As well as,—the iniquitous.

The Blue Eyed and Flaxen Haired Bub,
Despite his manners, was a scrub,
And only by his brazen face
Had gained position which would grace
And do credit to an honest heart,
Unacquaint as his with devilish art:
He might have cut loose from his master,
And slunk away from works of traitor,
If his dark soul had had its door
Open to fair conviction more;
But, no, the evil thing was in him,
And he indulged the cherished whim.

He set to work his head and hand,
And thus gave Funks to understand

Of what States Mother was compos'd,—
As they—not he, ever supposed;
In epistles like to this one,
He wrote to the *stay-at-home* Hun ;—
'Gainst whom we'll ne'er build Mason's wall,
To repel a hero,—out of call.*
" 'Tis true, I know great Trumpeter !
That I have furnished you no answer
To your numerous kind letters ;
Not meaning to slight my betters,
I have delayed the whole writing
To serve it up at one inditing ;
For, to have it on a single scroll,
You can review it as a whole ;
As standing on the top of steeple
We can take in many people,
Ships, drays and houses at a glance ;
Thereby *pigmy fying* distance,

* " The Chinese built their celebrated wall 1,500 miles in length, to repel the inroads of the Huns;" we never intend to designate Mason and Dixon's line, even by a worm fence; yet it shall be as sacred as though it were the pathway of an angel.

†I. E. C.

So as to give the visual organ
Benefit of panoramic plan.
'Tis much more than half a battle,
To put in trim the tittle tattle;—
But you see as far into a stone,
As human eyes permits a crone;
Hence 'twere needless to waste fine words,
Like good powder—upon little birds.
Your great merit is conjecture,
Guessing, at point for conjunture,
Just so certain as a gun,
As death, taxes, or a dun;
Or you never could have fixed upon
This place, where you have now begun
To try the *principle* you've set up;
The hit deserves—the buzzard's flop.*
"The States' Mother, for many reasons,
Should be arena for our treasons,
As centre from which radiates
A feeling through the Southern States;
She is the soul of this body,
Which could we but probe and destroy,

* The applause of Peter Funks.

The whole fabric would be undone,
As planets sailing without sun,
Would fast drift, beyond their moorings;—
Like high flying kites, with snapped strings,
They'll pitch full many a somerset;
And a hundred to one I'll bet,
That if we live to see them fall,
T'were on our side of Mason's wall."
"Thus much for the wise policy
Of fixing on this old country,
For our first and boldest onslaught;
The *Mollies* are as good as caught.
The First's* love the Union dearly,
Even more so—yes! or nearly,
As much as Federal dotard could,
A thing that's obsolete, from good.
They crow over their defunct sires, vault
'Gainst royal battery and assault;
And speak with vainglorious zeal,
Of framing the Constitution's keel:
They'll never let old colors drag,
While floats a ribbon or a rag.

* The First Families in Virginia, on whom a great deal of Peter Funk wit has been expended.

The Union Stake is driven to the head,
And there stands every single biped,
Promising in marriage faith,
To obey, love and cherish it—till death.
Then we have no just cause to fear,
That they'll ever cease to adhere,—
However much we shall oppress,
They'll never leave us, for redress;
But must in proper time slide in,
And be to us as kith and kin.
Their metal is no great hinder,
We can devise a catch for *tinder*,
And it shall like asbestos be,
Its own innocent—antipode.
The First has thought we were afraid,
To whack a brick from off his head,
As we preferred to use a bit
Of cuteness, with which to grease it,
When it would fall before he knew it,
And leave him to wonder at the feat,
And vow, alack! he has been sold!
"By George!" he'll do the thing that's bold!
But Nutmeg's play'd his trick and gone,
And he'll likely catch him—*in a horn.*

" Well, the First's are a funny folk,
The easy dupes of Codfish poke,
The soul of Nutmeg invention,
And stock and trade of Dollar Nation,
They are an unripe, bookless race,
And shallow as a plane surface ;
And hence dependent on their betters,
For their science, art, and letters.
We furnish them with all those wares,
Which minister to their wants and cares ;
Steamboats of wondrous power, rakes,
Mustard, ink and spits for beefsteaks,
Harness, putty, wigs and butter,
Poodles and canaries, to utter
Sweet notes ; seeds and rubber babies,
Fresh Ale, pins and Alanthus trees,
Like *country ice, from Paradise*,
Prolific, but not flavored nice."
" And such an endless string
Of cunning gim-cracks do we bring,—
As would puzzle Black Pudding Puck,*
To put down in any common book,—

* The wizard of N. E., who *crammed children's throats with pins, killed pigs, sold wind, and turned puddings black.*

To barter for their mines of gold,
Their sites for water-power untold,
Springs Chalybeate and Mineral;
It looks like the old Indian *sell*,
A few blue beads, and green, and red,
For a little fortune----*by Ned.*
Out of them, what a snug bit of trade
Have progging Nutmegs always made;
Many, once not *worth a button*,
Now gorge first rate beef and mutton;
And to the Uppers,* are well known,
By tow'ring piles of Red Sandstone;
The geological parvenu's
Of such and such avenues."
"I vow the thing's not over yet,
For their appetites increase by whet,
And ev'ry day they're sharper set,
'Till all the rules of Tare and Tret,
Of Barter, Discount and Exchange,
Have defunct become, as Lagrange.†

* The Upper Tens.

† "One of the most consummate mathematicians of modern times."

No *home-worm** is like the *foreign fly*,†
To bait the Southern vanity;
Their mat'on's no longer at the wheel,—
But now to *a la mode* would kneel;
The youngster who to mill should ride,
Mounts the dangerous steed of pride;
And maidens fair no chickens tend,
But some slippers work—*for a friend*,
To beguile time they *trundle hoops*,
With Grecian Bend and *flippity flops*."

"*Our* art has always had a run,
Unparalleled beneath the sun
Among these judicious amateurs,
And collecters of The Masters;
They look upon the Nutmeg School,‡
For all the world, *The Palette and the Rule:*
And would prefer a pencil sketch
From us to one from Moritz Retzsch;

* Our grandmothers used to make and spin silk into articles of apparel.

† The Fly hook used in preference to the garden worm by many fishermen.

‡ We have, every returning season, Auction sales of pictures, painted in the *best manners* of immortal New England youths, learning the art.

A picture from a Funkish easel,
To an Angelo, or Raphael:
Say, a sunset scene, washed in with clay,
Tumeric coloring the dying ray,
With an indigo mountain, in relief,
Of rawness, Commander-in-Chief:
Or an Othello, with awkward hoof,
And curly head like *Brudder Cuff*,
Trading with dingy Desdemona,
His Moorish sword for her Cremona.*
All-fir'd rural scenes, and sea views,
With top-heavy cattle, and paint wreck'd crews;
A single draught of a *woolly* horse,
Of the genuine B—— cross,
Drinking from a one inch spout,
With both his mane and tail left out;
Beast Landseer,† not having learn'd to work
The hair, and give it graceful perk.
A string of cats, dogs and monkeys,
From the hands of little Wilkies;
And none from limner o'er sixteen,
Yet each *good egg*, for such a chicken;

* The most celebrated make of violins in the world.

† The great animal painter.

The admiration of the First,
On whose art-dunghill have been nurs'd
For years, the works of juvenile;
Thinking they'll be great after 'while,
When he'd surprise them with the sight
Of their old piebald, writhing fright."

"So our Belles Letters, as Beaux Arts,
Have perform'd their round, like squash tarts;
As entertainment for man and beast,
Good for the fast, as well as the feast;
Drink of the parlor, meat for the cabin,
Prayer of the Priest, lore of the Rabbin,
Rule of the schools, and law of the bar,
Tongue for slanderer, key for robber,
The concealed firebrand of arson,
And noiseless dead-cart of treason."

"Trumpeter! what more could we need,
Than guide the thoughts of those who read?
And now be it known, all who do,—
The exceptions being very few,—
Imbibe some of our opinions,
Just like our eating onions,
Or the merest bit of herring,
Our friends are sure to nose the thing,

And we are snuff'd up as garlic-y,
Or, what is quite as bad, *fishy*.
The thing is inevitable,
And I think it creditable
To the good old land of witches,
That she generously teaches
A nation that's plung'd in darkness,
The way out of the wilderness.
"Now, as to the moving question,
What has Fetter Legs for a notion
Regarding that most wonderful
Phenomena, and blunder-*ful*;
Loftily aspiring to the skies,
Or crawling in shape of spies,
That has a thousand different faces
In each thousand different places,
That apostate—misnomer—Freedom,
That type o'er the world for thraldom,
Of the mental, moral, physical;
And no lucky human's windfall,
Unless with self he be at peace,
And banish'd are passion and caprice.
How few then come up to the rack,
Despite the everlasting Quack!

And whining cacophony chirrup
That breeches and petticoats croak up.
Perhaps the worthy Trumpeter
Is slave to some inhuman master,
Who chafes him mightily with a rod,
In honor of some secular God.
This pure Freedom is all a myth,
But 'tis our handle to work with
In dredging up the filth and mire
Of dire ambition, low desire,
Which we'll disgorge upon the shore,
That protected us in days of yore.
For, sir, when meanness is the fashion,
How can we live on half ration;
When others show the cloven foot,
Shall we give the honest palm,—tut!
I stand fast to my sworn duty,
And shall claim my share of booty."
"But, ere I scribble all my paper,
Ere sage thoughts go off in vapor,
I shall briefly now peruse
A few of Ebo's many virtues;
Which, as fruit trees, choice of their kind,
And productive as we shall find,

Alike in ev'ry sort of soil,
Without regard to sloth or toil.
There is a mass of burning light,
Inert and hidden from the sight,
Deep down in the caverns of his caput,
A glow-worm phosphorescent spot,
That anon flares up with sickly ray,
To argue the close of mental day;
But 'twould compare, if but fetch'd out,
We think, beyond a doubtful doubt,
With that of he *white* of any age,
No matter what be his *prestige:*
I vow he's no lack of merit,
But there's no way of showing it;
Like many first-rate genius's,
Whose conceits would make a perfect whiz,
If they could only coax them out,
And nurse them big as cabbage sprout;
Yet, I think their's must have sprouted,
And then afterwards been routed,
Driv'n in by something and chinch'd,
Or by an early frost been pinch'd.
Be that as it may, we know the sun
Has burnt them till they're overdone;

And why could not that blazing orb
Strike in, and burn up, or absorb
A dozen faculties—if there,
As well as fairest skin and hair?*
Still, with all the powers that undo,
Imagination sticks—hard—to;
And, perforce, science all outstrips
When she goes upon her light-wing'd trips;
Now, to witch-heaven on a broom,
Then, down to the realms of conjur-*dom;*
No spot of earth, no span of sky,
But has it phantom and vagary;
They've e'en conjur'd up a spotless place,
For sins before and after grace;
They beat outright the Dollar Nation,
Not in black art, but divination,
And the more genial sort of charm,
Investing nought with bit of harm.
For music, they've a nat'ral turn;
They sing, *come butter*, when they churn,

* The Peter Funk philosopher contends, that being exposed to the sun from father to son, has changed the color of the negro's skin.

And play the banjo when they dance;
A most remarkable instance
Of *tune** stirring folks all over,
While talent's acting as prime mover;
One will whistle like a mocking,
Which is exceedingly striking,
And data of ability—
In the bird—as disciplinary."
"Their invention is stupendous;
They'll make fish-net that's tremendous,
That will catch shad, perch, or minnow,—
Nor let a lively eel slip through;
Baskets of oak, and chairs of straw,
And staunch *mash-traps* for servile war
On beasts of the field and garden,—
The perquisites of the kitchen."
"Alas! they like Free Love as us
Who in fine coaches ride the Russ,†
And dispense their gifts like Mormons,
In pigtails, sausages and *ing'uns;*

* The Phrenologists say, if you press on this organ you immediately evolve dulcet sounds.

† The approved pavement of Broadway.

This you know, the Nutmegs ever did,
Whose light under no bushel's hid;
Please observe—'tis human nature
In him, as well as other creature."
'Tis folly to say that Ebo
Glorious Freedom does not know;
To say he does not love it well
Who welcomes ev'ry Christmas bell,
And looks to Easter holyday
As the time, when he shall prostrate lie
'Pon his back, and bask the solar ray,
Op'ning wide the estuary
Of deglutition, in which the tide
Of breathing, swelling ev'ry side,
Gets, ever and anon, chok'd well nigh,
With buzzing swarms of gnat and fly.
The season when he prinks the most,
And perfumes at his plant-bed's* cost;
And boist'rously laughs and talks,
And thrusts his master from the walks,
In his stately pride of power,
So strictly honored in that hour;

* In the country, every servant has his *patch*, the product of which he receives.

And lays him down a mighty Lord,
And cannot longer go abroad
To play the beau, and mightily strut,
O'er master'd by the fiery *rot gut.*"*
"He fills his holyday with revel,
And thinks the end of it's an evil;
He'd like it well to last alway,
The sun to rise and set each day,
With Ebo not a thing to do
But eat, sleep and drink the hours through.
He'd never feels the blues, indeed he
Would always be upon a spree—
Nor mind the world, tho' 'twere 'bout to end--
Why should he thought upon it spend,
Or any other passing thing,
As long as he can laugh and sing."
"Now, Trumpeter, please regard this conceit,
Of num'rous people who would cheat
This great race of privileges,
So pregnant with advantages.

* Helper thus speaks of a colored friend of his in California: "Ben must have liquor; buy, beg, borrow or steal, have it he would."

I've no doubt, sir, but that the world,
Had this been otherwise, would have curl'd
So fast, 'twould have slip'd off its axis,
And we'd not now be paying taxes,
Or troubl'd with a thousand things
If we'd cut loose from old apron strings.
But tied now, let's for a time bear it,
And turn the future to our wit;
This I conceive I'm doing,
When this honest war I'm brewing.
I hope this letter may inform you
Of all the holes you wish to see through,
That ere long we'll hear the *rub a dub*,
Is the wish of—Yours truly, Bub.

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

Silent Thought ent'ring the cause with zest,
Flushes a *pigeon* in his nest;
A fly-away from a Southern State,
Lamenting o'er his Northern fate;
He snaps at a gilded prospect,
That abases all self-respect.

CANTO IX.

Treason's Trumpeter had with credit
To his judgment made a hit,
When he selected Silent Thought
As member of his Seditious Court:
For, in sneaking through dark allies,
Or skulking into people's entries,
Dropping in at barbers'-shops for news,
He came to haunts where printers'-devils use;
Here, stuck away with heaps of paper,
And souring paste and fancy leather,
Was poor, disconsolate book-binder,
Plying brush—here, and there, and yonder:
His look was lank, his food was bad,
His heart was torn, his breeches sad,
His breathing short and passing away,
And hair not combed for many a day.
Good Silent Thought, pitied his state,
He looked so downright desolate;

He needed a voice to encourage,
Kind word to raise his fall'n visage.
Some time upon his face he gazed
Unseen—forsooth he felt amazed.
He had somehow, perchance, heard there dwelt
Hereabouts, a sniveller, who felt
A pique 'gainst the land which gave him birth,
And sought him 'bove all men on earth.
And now approached, and smirkingly asked—
"My friend, is Miffed Yelper* addressed?
Or lives he on t'other flight of stairs?"
The binder replies with sense of cares;
"I am the thing goes by that name,
The real, identical, self same."
Said Silent Thought: "Why call yourself a thing?
Here, with us, is every man a king?
And arbiter of his own fortune,
White smith of his own silver spoon;
Nor, yet, condemn'd as Fetter Legs,
Or goose that lays the golden eggs;
To serve with cruel lash and flout,
Trying to bear his trials out."

* H. R. H.

He replied—" Man a king may be,
But 'tis not here among the Free;
Except in name, he's a machine,
With wheel, or pulley for his queen,
And children born of saw and file;
This is the story of my exile."
Said Silent Thought,—" Then you're exil'd?
How painful must it be, to child
To leave the cherry trees of home,
And in quest of golden apples roam;
Nor thence find his hopes are realiz'd,
But start up like ghosts, that woe betide,
That grin him in the face with scorn,
And mock the heart that they suborn.
This world, Yelper, is curious place,
Where men are born to fame, or disgrace,
They honors bear, or suffer ills,
Because a great, unseen power wills;
But, Yelper, be thou satisfi'd!
'Tis that card'nal quarter o' the head—
Namely, the back part,—that gives us
On this nether earth, our *status*."
" And still," said Miffed Yelper, " I've not
Consider'd the good and right a jot;

Yet, on my path evil spirits spring,
And fleshless hands are made to fling
My *cunning* work beneath the clamp,
To engrave it like a postage-stamp,
For a cast-away wrapper
Of nonsense, valu'd at a copper.
I ween I feel an inward striving,
Of crotchets that would go a nav'gating,
But from want of shipping tackle
To rig well up the trim smack all,
I've thrown o'erboard my *charm*-ing* anchor
And bid good luck to the Polar star.
Once 'pon a time, I spelt out a book,
A *pot boiler 'twas;* I undertook
To tell the truth between the slave
And the Pharisaical knave;
By citing my expcrience,
As oppos'd to his ignorance;
I borrow'd means from gen'rous friends,
And publish'd—but, alack, both ends
Fail'd to approach near each other;
Then thought I'd as well turn loafer,

* Among the charms worn by both sexes, is an anchor; as typical of hope.

With my talents all neglected,
But, in manner unexpected,
I found *that* business overdone,
And genius working in the sun,
With a ball and chain to carry;
So, with a spirit unwillingly,
I went back to my former trade,
Which I'd found in Sojourn-ville,* paid."
Replied Silent Thought—"You've talent,
But like heat in stone 'tis latent;
Yet might be prob'd by Factious Blowpipe,†
Lurking, perhaps, somwhere in your tripe—
As some philosophers by their knack,
Have found mind lodg'd in the stomach.
Excuse me! there seems a mystery
Hanging strangely 'bout your history;
Your life must have been a fertile one,
Indeed, I'd like to hear it spun
With curious threads of thought, like yours;
Your views, I vow, are old as Noah's—

* Richmond, the particular pride of whose people has been their hospitality to the stranger, the more so as the abuse of that virtue has never occurred, till this lowest order of crawling beings makes the vain attempt.

†B. S.

Perhaps you shipp'd as *counsel* to his crew—
Or, as likely, are the Wandering Jew!"
  Miffed Yelper here was flatter'd,
An artful tonge had bespatter'd
With golden dust his vanity—
Most petted robe of our humanity;
He chuck'ld as his voice address'd
That feeling most by him caress'd;
He rais'd his sunken capital
From earth on which 'twas prone to fall,
The Promethian spark was light'd,
In windows long benight'd;
The front door of the immortal mind,
To silence and rust so long consign'd,
Creak'd as yawning open, from behind,
With noise rush'd out the stagnant wind.
  "You've touch'd me in an inner part,
Aye! somewhere near my fervid heart,
You've kindly waked a drowsy mind,
From inmost core to remotest rind;
I feel bound to you by mystic tie,
You've let on to me so daintily.
You'd wish to know my pedigree,
My country and my history;

Well, 'bout my birth then,—I was born,
I think, somewhere toward shelling corn;
And my forgotten father's station,
Was breaking up an old plantation,
That might have been grown up with pine,
In the renounc'd State of Turpentine.*
How did I get my education?
From a Puritan, in vacation;
Who taught, preached, and peddled notions,
From A. B. C. to *locomotions*:
I being his aptest scholar,
He fond'led me, as he'd a dollar;
Saw my spirit approach to his
In character of progressiveness.
His daily walks were my daily walks,
And we had nice *anti*, and *ism* talks;
We look'd like twin apples—dare say,
In Eden's garden, late in May,
In which were hid'n all out of sight,
The pesty working of White Blight.
But, ere our labors argued fairly,
Were we likely to pay dearly,

* North Carolina; we shall presently see why it was renounced.

For a withering influence
Was being seen from our presence;
The old ones thought they smelt a rat,
And more, told us so very *pat;*
Religion had been insulted too,
And people all 'gan to look askew;
When we discern'd the angry claw
Plainly descending—of the law;
And packing our valises up,
We slid our feet into the stirrup,
And ne'er let our fagg'd donkeys doze,
As we did hasten to vamose."
Said Silent Thought: "O, worthy knight!
With escutcheon shining bright,
'Tis cruel that you are here to bind
The thoughts of mediocre mind;
Your noble deeds of errantry
Are to me sufficient guarantee,
That you are fitted for a purpose
Grander than yourself can suppose:
Your lessons from the erudite,
Your boldly holding up for right,
Would commend to our fraternity
Your services, as Dispensatory;

For making up our Patent Doctrines,
And administ'ring medicines
To minds of super-nervous nature,
As yet wavering in departure
From direct course of treatment,
Can never be convalescent.
You have studied out the problem,
Of which Fetter Legs is the theme,
Seen the workings of that evil
Which is sending men to the devil.
Is it true, you were not allow'd to think?
Because illy dispos'd to hoodwink
Like others, would not bamboozle,
Tuck snout down to earth and nousle—
As an eyeless mole go it blind;
But thought for yourself, with great big mind.
O, friend! you stand majestically,
And need but—*spirituality*—
For a good initiation
Into our Club of exclusion;
But yet, if agreeable to you,
I'll take you there and put you through."
Said Yelper, rather sheepishly:
"I fear I should look gawkily

Among your mighty letter'd *inksters*,
Scholars and college dissectors,
Divines of saintly eminence,
And statesmen of mental flatulence,
Mighty trav'lers, spectacl'd lawyers,
Archest fogies and wisest saw-*yers*:
I should shrink into a eypher
When your President called Yelper.
Yet I have a thought, however,
That I could quickly stump up, sir,
Num'rous much more marvellous stories
Than any found in histories;
I'd make Gulliver, or Munchausen,
Soon slink abash'd, or Silverpin;
A perfect tempest in a teapot,
A thousand things where one is not;
If I could have this understanding,
That the thing's remunerating."
Silent Thought replied: "That's a point,
On which our union's joint,
For when do you see men dove-tail,
Without marketable goods for sale;
We have the articles in demand,
Principles, will always command

A price from men of our standing;—
Now we monopolize rioting,
Preaching and fugitive stealing,
Shipping, writing, and railroading,
Painting, gard'ning, Fillibust'ring,
And all manner of buccaneering.
Then you plainly see, by ent'ring in,
You may calculate upon the tin."
The Yelper darted at the bait—
"I know not how to hesitate."
"Then," said Silent Thought: "Let us go,
For we are late I almost know."
The binder quickly stirr'd around,
And an ancient hat and coat he found,—
When off they went, with such hast'ning,
As belated wights—car bell ringing.

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.

Miffed Yelper falls a willing prey
To the procurer, and hastes away
To curious scenes of juggle;
Acquitting himself as drivel,
Is well lamm'd, and put through with fire;
Becomes rampant, then satisfied entire.

CANTO X.

Now, Silent Thought and Miffed Yelper
Might be seen rushing, as if after
The last ardent scrap of day-light,
To catch it, ere 'twas swallow'd up in night:
They jostled posts and jump'd cellars,
And much endanger'd cake retailers.
At last they reach'd an alley,
Dirty, and rife with melancholy;
And as the pair of racers enter'd,
The alien nag—somewhat scatter'd;
This was quickly seen by Silent Thought,
Who tried to have his attention brought
To the brilliance of the gay young moon,
Which, just then, o'er the housetops shone;
Miffed Yelper thought 'twas slyly peeping
To see whereabouts he was creeping,
But, dumb he was with stifled gasping,
And frighten'd like—everlasting.

Now he was drawn to a frowning door,
As black as midnight's very core;
Yet, by the moon's delicate tones
He spied on't raw head and bloody bones,
Starting out from off the panels,
Like arabesque of the infernals.
Had he a skittish feeling left,
He was a'sight o'this by all bereft.
Silent Thought touch'd a secret spring,
To which repli'd a bell with muffl'd ring;
The door now open'd,—on an entry
Walk'd by a surly sentry,
And by a light that flicker'd forth
They pass'd into an ante-chamber both;
When Yelper sinking on a chair
Somewhat restrain'd his ample fear,—
But, suffering yet a thousand throes,
Became exceeding lacrymose;
Look'd at Silent Thought opthalmical—
The binder,—was hysterical.
Thought drew a tickler from his pocket
And bade the tearful sick one taste it;
He found it good,—'twas Pat' Bitters,
Made for such tyro abetters,

In the famous alchemic pot
Of Funk—Fugitive Scouring Rot.*
In a trice he was reinstated,
And prim'd to be initiated;
And meekly holding down his head
Submitted to being blind-folded,
When Thought, offering a leading hand,
Drew him unto the chosen band;
Here, assembled in august body,
Like their peers in a rookery,
With biggest cock chief officer,
And lesser rang'd semi-circular:
On the top-point of the thronish chair,
With outspread wings, stood tawdry vulture,
Bending over with pious care;
In his beak, struggled sometimes hare,
Or fox, opossum, coon—anything,
A sort of nursery plaything,
Too large for child to swallow;
On his crown, was biggest dollar
That e'er was made at any mint,
Of pewter—the maker did not stint.

* Dr. H.

The high-feather, and all the members
Wore raven gowns, trim'd with muskrat furs,
Fitting closely 'round the collar,
And button'd with a silver dollar;
Pinn'd on their breast was brazen owl,
And o'er their phiz was ebon cowl,
Permitting the nose, eyes and mouth
To portrude, and make the thing uncouth.
Steel stars and figures deck'd out their dress—
Ornaments cut off of harness;
And between the lips was there—
To represent red-hot fire—
A piece of bright scarlet flannel,
That did the thing up pretty well.
And here you have—aping pious monks—
A den, not abbey—of Peter Funks.
Big Peter Funk wav'd his black glov'd hand,
Thought obeying the high command,
Now walk'd Miffed Yelper 'round the room,
As though he were some gentl'man's groom
Exhibiting cattle at a show;
Peter Funks each would strike a blow,
Which the binder bore with zeal,
And walking to the throne to kneel

Big Peter Funk struck him three blows,
And knitting his majestic brows,—
With haughty appeals to Silent Thought,
To know why the gaunt novice ought
To be received into the body?
When Thought, with patent modesty,
Replies, "O, mighty Funk Peter!
Here, behold, deserving fire-eater,
In my humble estimation,
As you'll find in earthly station;
He understands our motives well,
And is prepared to buy or sell,
Aye—has not too much compunction;—
I advise that he receive unction."
"Now, Yelper has, by our lights,
Been assisted in seeing sights,
And in construing their purport,
He has had Puritan support.
Out South he became too wondrous' learn'd,
And had his prospects all upturned;
And would have been himself upset,
Had he not been witch of Plymouth's pet.
Turpentine is in so warm a zone
That anything cold-blooded, in tone,

Is thought so strange a miracle,
That 'tis pronounc'd empirical;
Short-cuts are branded with a stigma—
To us this appears enigma;
Money can't pay a forfeit there—
For amusing tricks they shave one's hair,
And spry larks engaged in manslaughter,
Are nourish'd with bread and water;
And, if the name of friend you write
To check, in merest joke, they'd invite
You to locate in grand asylum,
And to make yourself quite at home;
They ask a gent if he's a trade,
As though for working he was made.
I think our friend was very right
To leave this land of rayless night,
That he should now return the slight,
Join Peter Funks, and spit his spite,
'Gainst such piteable doings,—
Which must, I ween, kill man's aspirings."

"A bookbinder is our novice,
And if we could with tenon mortise
His good trade with our book-making,
'Twould give a lunge to our advancing:

I'd commend him to present use,
For he's the man to mount the goose,
Which is to scud o'er the nation
With the missives of perdition.

[21.]

I'd commend him to present use,
For he's the man to mount the goose,
Which is to scud o'er the nation
With the missives of perdition:
The roost he knows of the White Crow,*—
That apocryphal albino—
On whom our great success depends,
As Bell Tolling Lynn's,† on waxed ends.
Sir, do not fear that you'll not get
In time, ample share of credit
For stumping up this novel bird,
And Yelper's work not be found your word;
Then the White Crow will be legitimate,
And none else will papa its fate."

* Persons at the South, who are claimed to be enemies of the institution of slavery, and on whom the success of abolitionism is considered to depend.

† The bells of *Shoe*-dom were tolled when John Brown was being hung, expressive of sorrow at the departure of the Leather Saint. Trouble never coming singly, we find the Shoe-domites now overwhelmed with grief at the paralysis of the spirit of trade; whom it seems has been suffering greatly from a cold induced by exposure during The Bell-ringing Spree.

"Again, I press the cause of Yelper,
As to us important helper;
He suits our budget of statistics,
While they've your characteristics,
And are replete to profusion,—
Aye—surpass Deborah Delusion,
Who had made as much as human
I thought, and deal more than woman
Ever had before from Scrap Book,
Scissors, needles, or crotchet work.
Yet, allow me sir, to suggest,
That words appear to me the best,
Which seem to come from native home;
One mourns a felon brother's doom,
And get's the aggrieved's sympathy,
If he but work the thing artfully,
And shall turn the tables presently,
And have him worshipp'd as saintly.
Human reason's old fogy-ish,
And feeling manly, as womanish;
See it embodi'd in fiction,
'Tis stronger than ratiocination.
Well, when this comes forth from Yelper,
They recognize a sympathizer;

One who feels their dereliction,
And prays for them with extreme unction."
Said the Big Funk, "This is the plan,
Silent Thought! thou sharp-witted man!
To resurrect such rare spoony,
We'll pass him thro' the ceremony.
Most excellent book-binder! learn,
You, herewith, promise in your turn*
To untwist our banner to the breeze,
To keep the same from out the trees;
And, should it happen there to get,
To die outright before you quit.
First, then, swear to blackguard your State,
From early morn till ev'ning late.
Secondly, never let these men vote,
Though it cost you a bran new coat.
And thirdly, if passing in sight
Of one of them, turn away your light;
Neither eat with them, drink or smoke,
Lest Our Majesty you'd provoke;
But carry both your rum and vituals
In your pocket—with your rituals.

* The oaths of the order, abstracted from their text-book.

Then, fourthly, you shall not buy rice,
Or their cotton, at any price;
For we'll make these both at home,
From our broom-corn and thistle down.
And fifthly, look on them as outlaws,
Ruffians, criminals—because
Our opin'ons will hurt their feelings,—
They think us such superior beings.
Abuse them, don't fear to do it,—
Here, there is safety to our suet;
In place the sixth, cut short their news,
And give their editors the blues;
'Twill do our own scribblers good,
Who long and well by us have stood;
Who are in nowise dependent
On Southern countries for a cent,
Save what finical minds require—
A sugar'd slime served up with fire;
And oblig'd to have this nourishment,
They gorge it, like fasters after Lent.
And seventh, starve Fetter Legs himself,
The scamp lives better than ourself;

And, tan his greasy hide for leather,
'T may supersede the use of paper;*
Which, while 'tis a shrewd invention,
Holds too much water in suspension,
As Thames' bottom, despite strong arches,
Broke thro' the tunnel's heavy stitches.
And eighth, imagine a people there,
Of whom only Gulliver might hear;
And begin, and starve them also
At your discretion, fast or slow:
And more, whate'er you may do,
Send these Fetter Legs—to limbo.
And together, tenth and eleventh both,
If you should not like to see us wroth,
Tax all, Fetter Legs and master,
Living and dead *per capita.*"
"And this is our glorious scheme,
My friend, how doth it to you seem?
Are you prepar'd to take the vow?"
Miffed Yelper made an humble bow;
"Then," said Peter Funk, "we shall see
If your metal is what it should be;

* The Bell Tollers have, in many cases, made paper answer *their* purposes as well as leather.

Please open wide your lips, dear sir;"
And, now he scraped a Lucifer,
Which caus'd a light and smell of sulphur;
What Yelper thought you may infer.
Again cries the Funk: "Gape your lips,"
And into his mouth the match he slips;
With surprise and pain together,
And want of air, he'd almost smother;
When springing a back-somerset
He straight into a chandelier lit,
And ripping the bandage from his eyes,
He gazed 'round with profound amaze;
Thought himself in place of evils,
And saw a score or more of devils,
Who rush'd forward to let him down,
While he thought they meant to do him brown.
There he sat, and steadfast star'd in doubt,
And wonder'd what 'twas all about;
Now, he quak'd from head to heel,
When down into their arms he fell,
And fainted quite away—a spell,
For, seriously, he was ill.
Thought again took out the vial,
And gave the bloodless lips a trial,

When he was quickly renovated,
And became greatly delighted;
He felt as good as pumpkin fritters
By virtue of Patent Bitters;
He shook hands all 'round the room,
And 'gan to feel that he was some:
Tried on the raven gown and cowl,
Admir'd exceedingly, the fowl
That spread himself in ginger-bread;
Presenting himself to Big Head,
He made his mark upon a scroll
That Big would leisurely unroll:
Then was introduced and greeted,
By all the Funks, and kindly treated;
All things having had happy turn,
Resolution passed, to adjourn.

CANTO XI.

ARGUMENT.

A curious spy-letter, without doubt,
Writes the pedlar, Piddle About;
Who knowing a thing when he saw it,
Will tell the truth, when he can't help it.

CANTO XI.

Reader, without preface or ado,
We will straightway introduce to you
A valuable letter, sir,
To that worthy—Treason's Trumpeter;
From the States-Mother, such a day,
And such a month and year, would say
The correspondent:—"Moost deer Hon.:
Now, fur sumtime I've been upon
The purtikler dutis o' your kaus;
Yes, in the very tagger's jaus.
'Tis a regilur smashin bisness,
Thar's nothing chalk ahead o' this;
I'm on the pad, much like everlastin,
An well nie alwais watchin,
To kepe the crittors onsuspectin
O' all the wich I'am adoin.
I kepe cornstant asellin of nick-nax,
An a cirkulatin them er trax;

Sum o' the langridge ar kinder strong,
If my edicashun aint wrong;
You much better had er wrote 'em,
Considerin o' them what's to toat 'em;
But, maibe as how, I ondertook the spec
Atradin an ariskin of my nake,
I ort to go the hole hog, rite ahed,
An not kere fur tarnashun led,
Or 'ouse wat jack bilt, or gallus,
Or any cornsounded poplar fuss.
"I'm a purty swingin sneezer,
An nothin alackin fur sof-sorder;
Fur, I guess as how we pedlin chaps
Hav to suffur cen a'most raps,
Enuf to maik 'em tollerubel sharp set,
An smothur onnat'ral pride a whet.
I'm putting things throu special fast;
I had ort to sed in my last,
That you should hurry up an send
Moor bokes here, for you may depend,
Feter Laag's ignorunt as anemils,
An neer 'bout like to cannebils;—
I b'leve that same ware ther histore,
When they cum frum the parunt cuntry;

I kepe cornstant asellin of nick-nax,
An acirkulatin them er trax.

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I nuver seed peepel wat wontid
Edicashun like curlie-hed;
They dont know no geehografe,
An larf at ther ignorunts mitely:—
Ses I, it's the airth's descripshun,
They really thort I ware pokin fun,
An sed, they cornsiderd the airth ware
A kinder cornsideruble pastur.
They lack lernin to sich matter o' xtent
As aneedin of it ev'ry minit;
Its verry onplesunt to see 'em,
Fur they ar a'most the greatest bam
That uver cultervated fokes travil'd amung,
An wud disgrase gramur en ther muthur tung;
Dont understan nat'ral filosofe,
Nuver saw Blopipes Kimestre,
Nur algebray uv cracked ex-plussy—
Ignorunt evin of fisiologe—
Frum wich we lern uv wat durt is maid,
An why rox upon eech ar lade.
An as to the hier ordur of things,
They ar uverlastin stone-bline beins;
On the morul sigheuses they ar
Makin revullusianare war,—

Akillin of koons an possums dayly,
Wich ar not anemils to ete raely.
But wat sirprises me a'more
Nur anythin, sense the dais of Noer
Is, the fellors ar so plaguy content;
Its atakin me with discuridgement:
From what they git they wud be abel
To chock full yourn or my tabel;
They ar purty cornsidurable stif,
An hufish; fur, with ther own skif,—
Besides tolurable smart allowance—
They furnish the big 'ouse with a chanse
O' prime fish, they've been aketchin
In ther traps, they bees continuel settin.
My sakes! sich flops of fust chop mete,
To us an our helps, wud be a trete;
Sich parfusiun—ther's nothin like it,
P'r'aps if we be atakin out the market."
"Them ar is my opinyuns—
Dreadful nice befe stuft with inions,
'Possums aswimin in grave,
And alookin fur all the wurld sarcy;
Sarsages, prasarves, appel-sarce,
An then sich hot pankakes—in coorse.

Ev'rything special nice to chaw on,
An none uv your skim-milk to fill up the horn;
Theirn is fresh drorn, A number 1,
To fault it wuld be pokin fun;
They taik the shine off our uppur crust,
Moost sure, partikilar, or I bust."

"We call these critters misfortunate,—
But ther carryins on to you will state
Thar is sumthin o' a sockdolger,
My moost Hon. Treeson's trumpitur.
Now, atween you an I, my frend,
On a man atravellin depend,
Ther mitey grate distress is flam;
Here amung 'em you see I am,
Fetch'd all my hocus-pocus with me,
An hav tride it dayly, nitely;
Am satisfide we be hunnyfuggl'd,
An narsty lies hav been to you smuggl'd."

"I hav not told you harf the thingg
That's valeble fur the telling;
Think, tho' my lettur's liv'ly long
I better had just kepe it agoin.
Then, these critters beds ar spotless clene,
As uver those *to hum* I've seen, ___ ___ ___

Or enny whar ellse in the worle;
They burn a hansum site of wood an cole,
Use mite an morsel as much as we do,—
A purty onclosefisted crew;
Agiven quiltens when they please,
While Windy Baggs is on his kneas
Prayin rite hard fur ther benefit,
Wich sarvice they dont desarve a bit."

"This, maibe, is just wat you dont wish,
You'll giv the excalmashun pish,
An be atarrin an acussin,
I know; an afrettin, an asayin—
'Fur wat did I send that tarnal fool,—
That estensiv ear'd anemil,
That he's asendin me sich messagis
About etein sarces an sarsages;
An persumin to advise me
O' sich thinggs in that ar country;
He isnt maid narrer map I vow,
An howsumever possibil now
Can I be apintin uv a place
Fur Ossawattamy's sperit to grace.
I'm uv a grate mind to send rite thar,
An hav him kilt outrite by marshall ler,

An leav his 'trocius, cornsounded bones
Bleechin in sunshyne like uther stones."

"But, afore you had ort to maik this speech,
That sends me whar the evils could'nt fetch,
Thar's cornsideruble uv a snarl
Attendin uv this matter all;
Its compleatly cosmografi'd sence—
I'm kinder sorry, chop-fallen, an hence
Am toleruble ryled,—that's a fact;
In the suds, an dont know how to act.
Afacin uv the matter I think ar best,
I hope you'll approbate this, at leste;
Nuver felt more awkwarder in my life,
Not evin when I ware partin with my wife."

"Its a rael cur'ous thing indeed,
I vow, to see wat gumpshun we do need
On the pertikular natur of our race,
It's a downrite unavarsal disgrase;
Unctius Fossel maiks a lectur
On the humun skins special textur,—
Like sum hansum aflirtin bell;
'Tis wunder colledge dont expel
Sich sarcy, nashun'skin deep fellars,
An be afillin ther place with bellors.

Maybe I aint no filosofer,
But aseein wat I do, I infer
Feter Laags aint no more like anglo
Saxen, then was genuwine Plato
Like Andro Jacksen,—and that's true
An sartain sure, atwixt I an you."

"They aint propurly born fur freedom,
Any more nor a nat'ral begum
Fur a fust chop shugar 'finery;
An that er I ventur entirely.
We cant no way pertend to inspier
Those fokes with our amazin fier;
What's worser, they aint awishin our part,
But asuspectin sum hitch o' art:
I know 'tainte no sort er encuridgement,
But 'tis pius truth, an well ment."

"I've wrote to you this long leter,
When, p'r'aps it mought er been beter;
But, la sakes! you sont me rite here,
An I thort it warnt fare er me, to pere
Kinder neglectin my good pattron,
'Twud'nt look the like er Puriton.
I've been achatten agin the grane,
An hope not perswadin er you in vane;—

But you ar agoin to hav your notion,
Therefore kepe Silunt Thort in motion,
Filch the puss uv old munny-cut;—
But, moost Hon., you know whats what.
Dont show this to that ar upstart—
Our pore hussey frend, Cravinhart;
He's mity made uv cowhard stuf,—
Ossawattamy, sartainly puf,
Oncommon, consideruble grand,
He'll be the boss porpus uv the band;
He's a bustin lovier of blud,
An thar's 'bout him narrer much good;
It will be no grate shakes if he goes,
Its a thing er nothing, the devils wose.
An now I be writing myself out—
Yours everlastin, Piddle About."

CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.

Trumpeter takes to soliloquy,
And talks a deal of namby-pamby,
To his chairs, tables, and port-manteau,
'Bout doing deeds of a hero.

At this letter the demagogue
Began to be a trifle podge bog,
And his great enormous ire,
Rose up into a blazing fire;
The uncertainty of those things
He felt, 'bout which the poet sings.
Yet, he was not the man to bother,
For, born with a fast spirit, rather,
In spite of ev'rything, he'd bustle
'Round and try to cut a swell.
His errant mind engag'd itself
With thoughts—valliant as a Guelph;
And as he fidgetted o'er the floor
His soul press'd out its inward store,
Touching himself and the country
In true Catonian Soliloquy:—
"'To be or not to be,—that's the thing
Which puzzles the incipient king;

Whether 'twere well in me or not
To strangle this gigantic plot,
Or take some Lager and Sauer Krout
And fight the mighty battle out;
Nor think of napping just 'bout now,
Nor dying presently, ere this brow
With *jewels from an Ethiope's ear*
Has been crown'd;—'tis a mocking fear
That makes us tremble 'gainst a world
In clouds of doubt, and darkness furl'd;
That shall not impel a pause; I'm stout,
Therefore I say—my soul, right about!
Prepare for blood and danger,
To which thou wert ne'er a stranger;
Let the sickly conscience pall,
And dash the cup, because there's gall;
I'm not the mawkish simpleton
To wry at a rough persimmon."

"With the resolution of a hero,
And my enterprise, by no means slow,
Shall I the current turn awry,
And upset my griddle of fry?
No, my soul's arm'd *cap-a-pie*,
My heart sings tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee;

My whole nature's in unison,
And chimes with calithumpian hum;
My well devised policy is fixed,
As the purest mathematics.
I shall organize my forces,
Detach, and give them all their bosses,
Under whom they'll scratch and fight,
The General keeping out of sight,—
Being too important to be seen,
Should always stand behind a screen,
And from thence, send minions to and fro
To apprise him of the progress of the foe;
When 'twould be safe for him to peep out
And see the running and the rout;
Or advise, if 'twere necessary feat,
To mount his charger, and retreat."
"'Tis done—I'll straight give orders
To my troops to invest the borders
Of this starchy old States Mother;
Who always takes the lead—confound her!
With her cavalier disposition—
In fighting, since the Revolution;
If we can but cut her jugular,
The way we'd lick the rest—were singular;

And even her we need not fear,
Her threats are all made but to appear:
Her brist'ling for the Nullifier,*
Swearing one hundred thousand should expire
Ere march'd thro' her royal land
'A presumptuous Federal band;'
Is she the famous Rubicon?
Or, new Thermopylæ to be won?
Rusty pride and arrogant boast,
Are sum and substance of her most;
A vain people, too good to toil,—
Even were there's not a worn-out soil."

"We'll pursue them in their sleepy dells,
And wake them from their glory spells;
We'll transfix their body's for the Ghouls,—
Aye, and immortalize their souls.
I've determin'd it—sworn it,
Know, by jingo! 'tis not illicit
To take the step that I shall take;
If 'tis—still I'll do it—with my neck."

"Then, ere long, you'll go my hearties!
In discreet and preferr'd tea-parties;

* South Carolina.

There, with caution, you shall secrete
Instruments with which to deplete—
With a sure phlebotamist skill—
'i his fiery heart of Iron Will;
And purge the good earth entirely
Of the dangerous First Family."
'Twas with high extatic feeling
That our worthy kept revealing
To himself the beauties of a war,
In which he'd not sustain a scar;
'Twas exceedingly agreeable—
While yet it might be culpable—
To be planning out a battle,
Like a child—with drum, fife and rattle;
The hero not striking single stroke,
Nor e'en seeing the curling of the smoke;
Yet conceits, he 'pon a tall mountain,
O'erlooking a bloody fountain—
Such as full oftentimes flows
From an accident—to a wee-pug nose.
  Thus does this mighty chieftain
Gravely suppose he'll attain
A world-wide philanthropic name,
And character—the gamest of the game;

And that, in his guilty circle,
He'll wear glories and the purple.
But, if 'twere all possible,
By arguments the most forcible,
What were the purple and the glories,
To a conscience full of niches,
Filled up with forbidden witches,
Each moment taking heart-stitches?

CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.

The six-penny horn warlike sounds;
The bloody, and the bloodless hounds,
Pursue a distant foe,----retreating,
In fancy----not reality, as from a switching,
Fled the Blatant Majority:*
Sell-Wind Mars, the divinity
Whose feats of harlequinade,
Will be required for the raid,
Is invok'd, and press'd into service,
As Ossawatomie's accomplice:
Funks adopt the hero's old Bandanna,
As ensign of mighty warfare.

* 18,000,000 versus 8,000,000, or *the running majority.*

CANTO XII.

Trumpeter in view of his plan,
Now essays to call forth his clan,
Faithful adherents, into a meeting,
For drinking, concocting and eating,
Raising the wind, placing the funds,
Making the lances, buying the guns,
Circulating useful untruths,
And administering foul oaths;
For a general delusion,
And writing a constitution,—
Which, had been already scratch'd out
By the diplomatist—no doubt,
To suit his own spirit and purpose;
All squar'd, corner'd and globose,
Like the tabular scale of a cheese,
Approved by the grocer of Hades.
O, for the last power of Dante,
Who by a kind vision did see

The meanest of fellows who'd lived,
Down in the regions of 'grieved:
For the pencil of Angelo,
Regardless of favor or fear,
To paint the world's devils incarnate,
Who are to howl, to gobble and blate,
In an assembled convention,
Called up with demon intention:
Pest of the land, spawn of the sea,
From hyena to torpedo and flea;
A mongrel swarm of humanity,—
Half malice, half insanity;
A convocation of banditti
In the heart of a lawful city.

Well, Trumpeter would be chiefest,
And have all follow his high behest;
Yet 'twas but too evident
That the same was others intent.
Ossawatomie would put in,
For his share of power and tin;
He swore the brunt he'd have to feel,
"And by Jove! I'll have the deal,"
Said the real hero and Elect;
"For, if this *crazy* ship is wreck'd,

I shall the greatest sufferer be
For freedom and philanthropy,
I'll have to face the greatest evil—
And failing have to serve the devil."

"Now, you are gentlemen of clothing,
Of large speaking and disposing;
And I'm the man for the instant,
Because I've seen the elephant:
'Tis true, you've seen him in the circus,
Where he eats cakes and amuses us,—
But I've known him in his wild state,
Where his qualities are first rate,
And I'm not inclined to underrate
An acquaintanee of such mighty weight.
Now I do not despise an interview
With the burly old Hindoo;
But before I start off to roam,
I shall leave my last will at home."

"I was born and nurtured in the briers,—
I've seen the true volcanic fires,
Gazed vaster things than e'er you saw;
But have ne'er before come to taw,
With such a fearful misgiving,
In all the days that I've been living.

These quiet and forbearing devils,
Are a dangerous sort of swivels;
They seem to me a potent band,
Right guided by the Almighty hand.
I've inherited our hitches,
And believe in forefending witches;
I'm going on a long embassy,
And mightily feel I'll always stay."
To which oily Windy Bags replied;
"Your pluck none dare but you deride,
This I cannot permit you either,
Who have lodged out on the heather
In all sorts of ugly weather,
For numerous nights together;
When the earth by storms was riven,
And all the lights put out in heaven;
Aye! only *Black Pudding's** presence
To fire-up in you, a hopeful sense
In your meritorious course;
Your principles have been the force,
With his assistance, to endure
The ills of which you are so sore;

* Black Pudding Pluck, previously referred to as the favorite wizard of the Nutmegs.

You are the agent of his love,
And he'll your highest glory prove.
He'll not let the dire missile fly
At you so very dangerously;
He'll care for your lone family,
And see the children do not cry,
Because you do not sometimes come;
Place your hopes in Puck, and leave your home."
To which Craven Heart superadded;
"I'll see the chicks are not *un-daddied*,
I take them to the poor—poorest schools,
And see the rod applied, and rules
Obeyed to the very letter;
And as to your wife, I'll get her
An honest place at the wash-tub,
And have the children taught to scrub;
I know you'd wish them honest toil,
The babies cakes, the girls hair-oil.
Just make your mind all quiet,
They'll never want for work, or diet;
I myself will give them good advice,
And never charge them any price."
He was just here interrupted,
By what old Money-Cut said;

"Ossawatomie, I'll have them clad,—
For I have often remnants had
From my various factories,
That to use we could not otherwise;
They are also welcome to the sacking,
That's stolen in the packing;
And with the thread cut from the bales,—
Which with us seldom e'er avails,
They can their dresses and breeches make,—
It's rather rotten for our sake;
Or they can have any other bit
That hath no value in it.
So, you see, they are fed and cloth'd;
Windy Bags, no doubt, will have them soothed
In any little affliction,
Or, give some other friend direction
To have yet some other friend
To do it, on whom he may depend."
Silent Thought then came forth and said,
He'd keep an eye to their need,
And be calling 'round *a few*,
When he'd nothing else to do;
He knew 'twould be a monstrous comfort
To them, to look in a spell; he thought—

But always kept very silent—
Much of Ossawatomie, as a gent
Of truly elevated parts,
And master of all the warlike arts;
Indeed, he had recommended him
As full of *cuteness*, to the brim;
A great prodigy of coolness
He was, on his soul, he must confess.
He would unhesitatingly advise
His step—for 'twas plain all eyes
At once Had been fix'd on him with hope,
As the party best suited to cope
With those high crested cocks of States' Mother,
Or any interfering other,
Self-constituted autocrats,
Boasting, Cavalier-blooded brats,
Sticklers for hereditary dower
Of honor, virtue and power;
Sole heirs of Federal endowment,
And recipients of all preferment.
"Tis for you to pluck their feathers,
To shin their sides, and trip their leathers;
To steal upon this Iron Will,
And in his peaceful slumbers kill

And shear him, like Samson of his strength ;—
For such tonsuring is done at length,
Only when your blade is in his heart,
And you have severed him apart ;
For nothing short of this deprives
His wondrous race of their nine lives :
And when you've done this up with care,
Please send us each—a lock of hair."
Ossawatomie, quite overcome,
And mightily thinking he was *some*,
With emphatic blustering and pride,
In such virtuous speech replied :
" Worthy curmudgeons of your blood !
Who, impaled in grandeur, at home have stood
As stands the statues of Household Gods,
Fenced 'round with ample spikes and rods ;
Here at home voting other's deeds,
As safe investment for your needs.
You are a gen'rous host, I ween,
Yourselves to forego the battle scene,
Endowing me as substitute,
My family being destitute ;
How great must be the exertion
Required, for this friendly diversion

Of exorbitant warlike powers;
Self-denial in waving the flowers,
And vegetables of fair fame,
That I may wear the nosegay of the dame.
May my prowess deserve the honors,
And I return—to exalt the donors;
For my intrepid heart beats fast and high,
Like puffing tug on Mississippi,
Which ambitious for opposition,
Feels it could outstrip creation:
Wonders lie dormant in my nature,
Elements of marvellous creature,
The sledge-hammer vim of Hercules,
The dogged apathy of Diogenes,
Conjoin'd to the powers of others,
Both heroes and philosophers."

"It may be truly said of me,
That I am the man for the Free;
I know the sort of doings to their taste,—
I'm not loathe to throttle, roast, or baste
Their feather'd* game, or serve in chowder,
Their fishy,† in apple-pie order.

* The Cavalier. † The Conservative.

I'll strike boldly at this grim head,
Rising up before you in dread ;
I ne'er fear'd lion in his lair—
You wish and shall have a lock of hair,
To wear as bag of scented drugs,
'Gainst epidemic—rage of Thugs ;
Perhaps 't would some good presage,
Who knows, it might give you—courage,
Since 'tis that you are admiring ;
Folks, I find, always desiring
A something they don't possess,
I 'spose, to try its usefulness."
" Skunks ! I thank you for your promises—
They, like paper lantern devices,
In a grand torch-light procession,
Show beyond disputation,
Their authors possess a feeling
And taste, for *cheap fancy painting ;*
Beside intensifying the agony
Of an idea—taking its first spree.
Then know, I feel very much elated
At the untold price, you've rated
My very humble abilities
In the regal service of the Frees."

"Bravo! bravo Ossawatomie!"
Cried Windy Bags, triumphantly.
"Now give us all the tick'ling grip,
The furtive wink, and slap upon the hip,
And closing in with mystic squeeze,
Dip into the Cabal Box,* and sneeze;"
Their usual plaudit at such time.
"Sneeze, Funks! I say, the sneeze sublime."
And sneeze they did, in hearty earnest,
Some o' them sneez'd many times—their best;
Or cough'd and snorted their applause,
With cramps and stitches in their jaws.
When Ossawatomie proceeded:
"We shall have then all that's needed,
Plenty material for biggest fight;
And will it not be a nameless sight,
When full array'd, we stand review'd
By a nation, all at once subdu'd;
For they'll be dreadful strick'n
With awe, if I'm not mistaken,

* A jar of Maccaboy, around which, after the hugging scene is over, the Peter Funks form a circle, and at the word *dip*, each member of the order, as by an electric impulse, takes a pinch of snuff and sneezes, or coughs, with a truly astonishing symphony.

When they see us heroes coming,
All a-fifing and a-bombing;
Expecting to catch fits and thunder,
They'll hasten to knock under.
But, gents! moderate your rejoicing,
'Twill be far more beseeming
To bear without flourist, great success,
Than give vent to *high faluteness.*"

"Now, while I feel bright, I'd brighter be,
If you could let down some more to me,
Of those golden drops from fatted kine,
You'd show your merit, superfine;
For your cash were better soldier,
Excuse me—than any of you here;
Money is the champion at last
The trumpeter who sounds the blast,
The statesman who makes the peace,
And its fiat makes the increase.
You, being aware of this truism,
May foster it as a good *ism.*
So I may now, parting from you, trust
On my receiving soon—the dust;
Such as comes from California,—
I'm not choice, ingot or bar,

Will pass equally well in time of war,
Just so it covers warrior's scar.
Yes, hurry up your collection,
I'll soon send my direction,
And thanks to boot, when the metal comes;
And in return, you'll have such sugar plums
As none of our confectioners keep,
Or Santa Claus brings, when we are asleep."
"One more word clansmen, don't forget me!
If swamp'd, don't say—you didn't know me;
'Twould cut me to the quick, to think
Such Lethean waters you would drink;
Don't, like *wooden tricks*, me deny,
Say you cherish'd Ossawatomie,
You encourag'd his bravery,
And bought his tactics of knavery.
And should I wear bandage-suspensory,
Don't let me add to Barnum's glory;
But cart me off, and bury me,
And sign-post raise—to my memory.
Now, snubb'd the mock-sad old hero,
As with face hung down, he wip'd his brow
With furious red Bandanna,
Which show'd more dust than tears to spare;

A most profuse perspiration
Exuded from his animation,
A noisome treason exalation,
That seem'd to nose their admiration
So much, that unanimous voice
Made the old handkerchief their choice,
As standard for the parting chief,
For, marked like blood, 'twas sign'd with grief.
With infinite joy on their faces,
With smirks, and smiles, and grimaces,
They dwelt with Gorgon eyes upon
The battle that was almost won,
And the lock of hair they should master,—
Which, as a strength'ning plaster,
Which bolsters up our weaker parts,
Might intrepid make—their chicken-hearts.

CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.

The President and the Captain,
Wishing to meet together again,
And have a spree before they'd part,
Do so,—and with their minds well fraught,
With selfish policy and artifice,
Filling up ev'ry interstice.

CANTO XIII.

Trumpeter had made appointment,
With Ossawatomie's consent,
To meet again ere he started
To take the invading army's lead.
The latter named certain cellar,
Kept by Free Rights tippling fellow,
Where, with stale bread and lively cheese,
They might finish up their treacheries.
Trumpeter had been often in
This hole to wet his thirsty skin;
Therefore, thought there could be no better
Place in the town—for a set-to.

As the time approach'd he paced his floor,
Thinking if aught remained in store
To be said or done, to perfect
The fullness of his bold project;
If he'd disposed all things
As to insure certain winnings;

Aye—if there was no unseen quibble,
That might debar him—first nibble
At the unctious bits of booty,
Resulting from war of Sooty;
His precedence should be understood,
And to have this settled plain and good
'Twere better to have instrument,
To keep buzzard to agreement.
But how to broach the tender subject,
Brought covin schemer to reflect,
For, like all gents who fall a plotting,
They were mutually suspecting
Each had mind to cheat the other,
And this was substance of his bother;
Buzzard's signing that he would not,
Might forestall any counterplot;
Yet Treason's Trumpeter, between
Risking the chance of ugly scene,
And getting autograph to show
Hereafter, that the world might know
His own claims had priority,
In planning a conspiracy,
Preferr'd to let the matter drop,
And lie in wait—for the cat to hop.

It seems hard for astute powers,
Nursing up with the midnight hours,
A happy fancy—burning tallow,
Plying talent, growing sallow,
To find there is a genius, yet
Than theirs, more cunning and sharp set;
It staggers ev'ry faculty,
And lessens man as prodigy,
Stirs up the rancid blood and nerves,
Like fermentation in preserves.
Now, Trumpeter took a cup of tea,
Might be consider'd strong,—prodigiously,
As made from leaves of Charter Oak,
And season'd in Convention-*ism* smoke;*
Yet, thought he, 'twould like oil on nervous sea
Make the soul's troubl'd waves roll easy;
But we much fear the beverage
Had might as well been balm, or sage,
Or most any sudorific,
For his distemper sought—specific.
Perforce, he put on hat and cloak,
And ne'er to his *hum*-folks spoke,

* Hartford, the scene of two memorable conventions; of traitors in 1814, and Infidels in 1853.

To tell them where he was going;
But, dash—he went, puffing, blowing,
Feet and cranium in commotion,
Heating up a hasty notion;
That meeting with Ossawatomie,
He might demand the Captaincy:
For buzzard—be it known, dear Reader,
Not satisfied to be the leader,
Had look'd to the Presidential Chair,
As well as--Treason's Trumpeter.
Trumpeter had not proceeded far,
When plump—he met the man of war;
Who griping him with ample fist,
Lock'd close his arm, and almost kiss'd
And wish'd him—"a life eternal,"
With "rum toddies strong—diurnal."
Trumpeter with spleen and hurry,
Had nigh forgot to be chary,
And mind such expostulations,
As voice one's ratiocinations;
Yet he who's been politician,
Fly-wheel balance to sedition,
You cannot easily surprise,
Not crossing t's and dotting i's—

He minds his stops, and stops his mind,
Quickly—as stopwatch you'll find.
Closely hunching up his shoulder,
Our thinker saluted him in answer,
Walking all lovingly—together;
Like two shoes of kindred leather—
On gentleman of boxed ancles—
Indulg'd in rubbing up dark principles.
Thus in fond'ling and caressing,
Or decoying and coquetting,
They reach'd their destin'd resort,
And dropping gallant sails—enter'd port.
'Twas a miserable hovel,
Uninviting to sight, or smell,—
For a foul and cankerous taint,
O'erloaded atmosphere pent
In earth, and sour with refuse liquor;
Lamp with shilling oil would flicker,
Throwing guests in grateful shadow,
While sending out fullsome flavor;
A host from scarlet eyes would see,
And on the pair smile furtively,
From behind a sleek worn counter,
Rejoicing that Treason's Trumpeter,

With Ossawatomie had come,
To get first taste—of some rum
Made especially for the Frees,
By their friend—Six Pence Molasses.
When Ossawatomie, with joy
Exclaimed,—"Let's have it red eyed boy!
Enough to ship a steamer in,
Of this famous—new blue rum;
We'll squat, if not conflicting with your rule
And after, hearken to your pules.
Come, Treason's Brazen Trumpeter!
Bump down in this muggy corner,
And mumble a Pompeian crust,*
If you your pegs can safely trust;
Don't you look—so desert thirsty!
We shall have liquor presently,
And in the meantime—what's the news?
Have the Thomas Cats, indeed, new shoes?
Have they frighten'd mouse under chair,†
By jingo! what's your cause of care?

*There has been a bread found in the ruins of Pompei which is somewhat harder, even than dyspeptic biscuit.

† See Truckle-bed Melodies.

Why, you look like a cut-tail cur,
Come, up and tell me—what's astir ?
To which Trumpeter answer'd,
Like milksop on spoon victuals nurtured :—
Ossawatomie, don't you jest,
'Tis that which makes me look distress'd;
'Tis wrong my friend, you may depend,
And criminal—I apprehend :
You had aught to pray the Witch of Endor,
Or Lady Elect,*—defender
Of the faithful—as we are sir,
'Gainst a possible disaster;
Than mock that which, for sake of wife,
And children, and your honest life ;—
But, if not for yourself a tittle,
You should think of me a little,
And that glory which awaits us,
The popping, the jingling and the fuss ;—
For you know our mighty doings
Will spread thro' all the Sponeyings."

* "Faith in this singular personage, (or as they used to term her *Holy Mother*) was such that they believed she sat daily in council with the Deity; and that things past, present and future, were ever open to her view."—*Massachusetts Centenel, Oct.* 23*d*, 1785.

"Now, dry up? with your balderdash,"
Said Ossawatomie—"'tis trash—
Flimsy-flamsy you are speaking,
Leave to toads this petty croaking,
And let friends—be merry-making,
Before we go to hands-shaking.
You Solon-Soft, never fought—
Indeed I think you never ought,
But stay 'bout the nest my wren,
And fondle your wife and children;
You should'nt be cracking horrid guns,
But keeping cover on the young'uns;
You've seen powder in the shops,
And, in crackers heard how it pops,
Yet have ne'er known its thunder blow,
Or nos'd its coming—as this crow,*
Or you might as well understand,
'Tis innocent—as grains of sand.
But you've prepar'd a speech, no doubt,
To make to me, so let it out,
And I'll stop talking *a la brute*,
And listen to you as a mute."

* It is vulgarly said, that the crow can smell gunpow

CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Radiant prospects loom in store—
Both for Gen'rals and their corps;
Trumpeter's o'erwhelm'd with love and rum,—
Ossawatomie slightly frolicsome,
Thinks, while his *hat contains a brick*,
He'd play him off a little trick;
Which done, he sets him—afloat,
When a ghost assails with angy note;
At which, he puts out to try his speed,
'Gainst the spirit----in stampede:
Performs some fair gymnastic feats,—
Then in other land he *recreates*.

CANTO XIV.

"Ossawatomie," said his friend,
"Since you will patient ear lend,
I'll thence drop some golden words,
Ere both of us get in the suds;
I find e'en now my head is light,
And faculties approaching—twilight.
Well, you are aware old hero,
My energies have not been slow;
I've sounded muffl'd tocsin
Ev'ry city and village in,
And faithful notes come back echoing
From ev'ry farmer's dwelling,
Thro'out the vast Southern country;—
And insurrection! is the cry."
"Then, I've indoctrinated
Miffed Yelper, and plac'd him in my stead,
In pregnant chair of authorship,
And dubb'd him Knight of Leash and Whip—

Grand Master of Lying Numbers,
And Foul Mouth Supreme—of wanton curs.
I've introduc'd, like predecessor,*
The White Crow, as intercessor
And stickler for Dark Colored Rights,
And glory of No-Nigger-Whites;
A dreadful conscience-stricken party,
Putting up a whimpering cry,
That lands impoverished lie,†
As Pompey will not from them fly;
Harbors sleep, innocent of noise,
Because white indolence employs
Fetter Legs to foster commerce;
And the Sundry Genius,‡ to disperse

* Aunt Tommy Stowe says, that to the South there is a superfine order of beings, whose natures are so soft and sweet, whose consciences are so imperceptibly tender that they experience signal pain at the mere word *slave,--but the word only*---the Black Rose smelling sweeter by another name. Yelper says, he backs Aunt Tommy.

† We refer the Reader to the Imp-Ending documents, for these arguments.

‡ Yelper reproaches the South with its lively appreciation of the Versatile Sponge, and his budget of *alogies, ics and isms.*

Wonders of New Fangled science,
Through technicalities to sense.
That a wide ignorance prevails
Among the men; and that females
Can neither wash, cook, or clean up,—
Dont know a tumbler from a cup;
But will dress, sleep and eat their mush,
And only simper, snore, or blush,
By advice of Frippery Fribbler,*
The darling Pantalet Scribbler;
Our sly dog, who cast his "Virgin vote,"
For candidate of Freeish note.†
Judging No-Nigger South, as here,
We find him taking pious care
To hold his Cudgo by the snout,
'Till he has drain'd his virtues out,
Then ship him to the Tropic sand
To let the fever try its hand,
Or, worse than pestilence, old age
To struggle with a people savage,

* N. P. W[illis] † J. C. F[remont]

Or such a swarm of brutal Frees,
As is emptied out all countries."
" Yelper will prepare the way for you,
Thro' self and emissaries too;
They skulk in shape of pedagogue,
With tracts of Bathosophy Fog;*
Who having run the ideal mad,
Takes to the abolition pad:
Or, Saint-Wolves,† visiting hearth-stones,
Hospitable with doleful groans;
And moping in good-will garb,
To murder faith with couch'd barb;
And others—recreant to ties,
For tempting guerdon—active spies.

* R. W. E[illegible]

† It will be seen from the following quotation, from the New England Courant of 1722, from whence the original stock emanated. " Indeed it were impossible to enumerate the many tricks and artifices, which such hypocritical zealots improve to defraud and overreach those they deal with. They will often varnish their roguery with a *text of Scripture.* The whole country suffers for the villainy of a few such wolves in sheep's clothing, and we are all represented as a pack of knaves and hypocrites for their sake; moreover religion itself suffers extremely by the dishonest practices of those who profess it."

From all of these, when you are posted,
Will brave letters come in rapid;
Then you'll answer, appointing time
For op'ning war of venial crime;—
And may surpassing success tell
How nobly I have work'd, and how well."
"And then cast'led lords of money,
Will be feeling very funny;
Denizens waking up to cough,
Will find their upper stories off;
Or rise to see a crimson tide
Spread o'er their land—both far and wide.
You and I will divide estates,
Long hung up by Chancery fates,
Appoint ourselves the heirs *in fee*,
Of all the Southern country:
Then being richer than nabobs,
We'll be *par excellence*—The Snobs;—
Ride in the first class coaches,
Or walk as tall as cockroaches;
Drink from fountains of sweet ambrosia,
Wash in tubs of pure Farina,—
None of your spice-dash'd water,
Made by Frees for Southern order.

We ne'er shall ache or anguish feel,
With so many springs of mineral.
Endowed with such advantages,
Wont we drop squash and sausages!
Snub our friends and poor relations,—
Let them grub rocks and keep their stations.
"Bravo!" screams out the old blood hound;
So loud the echo did resound,
His chum thought 'twas the whole Funk band,
Answering back from Nutmeg Land.
Though buzzard saw that he was stunn'd,
Yet sung out,—"More rum! my rubicund!
Sdeath! can a man not get a drink
Unless when bawling thus,—O, pink
Of ostler—scullion manners,
Asleep, aye—and your customers
Left in your house, to bang and knock,
Ere rousing you at one o'clock.
Old sorcerer of sleepy fame!
You feel inspired by your own game;
And have doffed plumes of sorcery,
In fisticuffing the monkey.
Come! hand the gentleman Black Bet,
I'm sure we wants a morsel of it;

And after she sinks down, we'll go,
And allow your nasal horn to blow,
Your parch'd up eyes to shut out light—
And liquor from their burning sight.
Now, begone!—word, I have to say,—
Gen'rous Trumpeter, you'll pay
This little damage, if you please?
My money's in t'other breeches;
'Tis the last you'll have to stump,
For soon we'll finger it—by the lump;
When I settle up all old scores,
And, in calm, lay upon my oars."
"Sol-di-er," drawl'd the Trumpeter;
Who'd begun to be somewhat limber,
As Black Bet was getting lighter;
"Ossawatomie! old fighter!
I feel sick just 'bout the gizzard,
Aint you something of a wizzard?
Let us walk; I like exercise;
Be sure, old boy, to write the spies;
Did you ever have a headache?
Don't forget the citadel to shake;
Its somewhat—monstrous curious,
I funny feel, and—oblivious."

"Indeed," said Ossawatomie,
Who was taking the liberty
Of feeling in his breeches pocket,
And perusing the leathern docket;
"Suppose then we evaporate,
As it seems to be somewhat late.
I hope this cool air refreshes you,
And that you are feeling pretty new;
Sir, to prevent exposure of throat,
Allow me to button up your coat."
With this, his medical adviser
Lifted out his jewell'd lever,
Saying, "you are pack'd for trav'ling,
And I must t'other way be walking;
So give me your hand my covey!
'Tis late, look you out for knavery;
Do you be careful of the runners,
Mind and dont go near to corners,—
For there are now fellows laying wait,
Who need but a nibble at their bait."
This speech, no doubt, was to frighten,
Yet more to make Trumpeter fasten
His theft on some other body,
He might be meeting presently.

With ardor he approach'd him near,
And in accents soft, and mock sincere;
"Old skunk! let's part with warmth and grace,
A hug will not be out of place."
And they with hugging would begin,
Which clos'd with filching diamond pin;
And jewelry the last, I vow,
That Trumpeter could boast of now.
For the poor Funk being very sweet,
He was mighty affectionate,
And jabbering out the words—"good bye!"
Did set up a most piteous cry,
And wash'd the streets with genial tears,—
Pretty good substitute for showers.

Now, all alone, he turns a sickly face
'Round and 'round again, the vacant place;
But naught he saw to 'suage his grief,—
No soda near, to give his craw relief:
So, summing up his utmost skill,
He walk'd—heaving—pitching 'gainst his will;
Now holding firmly to a lamp-post,
He vaguely thought he spied a ghost;
Some evil thing from outer dark,
Who'd like himself—been on a lark:

"Whence, O, being fearful!" he cried,
Now feeling greatly *sober-fied.*
When the spirit intently gazing,
Seem'd great anger to be nursing,
As seen in the flashings of its eyes,
Were a world of curious mysteries;
Half a mind had Trumpeter to sneak,
But now the ghost stood fast—to speak;
"O, besotted father of ill!
O, drunken demagogue of hell!
Thou foul aspirant of power!
I forewarn thee—the grapes are sour:
Denouncer of the Constitution!
Thou'lt be abash'd in confusion.
Know thou, cold blooded fratricide!
That spirits of good men, who've died,
Will haunt thee by night and by day,
Unless thou shalt alter straightway.
Thy plans, thy plots and devices,
To establish a realm of the Frees,
Will burst o'er thy head and project
Thy people to the infernals direct;
Thou hast not the gumption to see it,
Thou treacherous spawn of a newt!"

Seeing a ghost, and hearing such news,
Our Trojan slid down in his shoes,
Craving his *patent moroccos*
To shield him from his num'rous foes;
Embracing a host waging war,
But, above all—The Lynx Eyed Censor;*
Whose patriot spirit had stray'd,
Hence, to impeach and witness the raid.
The Funk was silent—as it became
Prudence not to call out a name,
Or other word in the language,
'Twould only ruffle the shadowy sage;
Indeed, he'd nothing to utter,
So great at his heart—was the flutter.
The shade now spoke with sadden'd mien;
"Oh! that I could step forth upon the scene,
I'd use eloquence—arguments,
To gather up now broken fragments,
To bind ties again, which should unite
Hearts of virtue, and souls of right;
Not for a name in the future,
Nor querulous 'bout my statue;†

* Daniel Webster.

† This statue has been the occasion of painful bickerings.

For he needs no cunning meed of stone,
Who leaves behind him—work well done.
Could I resume the garb of clay,
And live on earth a single day,
Could the stony tongue of death,
Be brok'n, motion restor'd, and breath,
I'd wish of you to have the special care;
I'd brand you deep—for what you are;
I'd strangle those insane efforts
Of your hungry herd of scape-goats;—
Maybe, I'd throttle you—By Jove!"
And as 'twas said, the ghost would move
Its crump'led hand toward the gent,
And gnash its teeth with dire intent.
Tho' fright'ned 'bout as much as could be,—
And one might hardly 'spose that he
Could be affrighted any more,—
Yet, when the Censor's hand he bore,
To clutch the trembling mannikin,
He strug'led as to shed his serpent skin,
He curvetted, wagg'd and wriggl'd,
And slinking behind the post—his head
Dodg'd from one side to t'other,
Waiting for a chance to offer,

When taking to his feet he heel'd it,—
Thereby showing, how very fleet
Is a Professor of the Fugitive Art,
When of a ghost he's had the start.
Full soon he reach'd his domicil,
When the door not op'ning at his will,
He ripped loose a blind with banging crash,
And sprang right thro' the fasten'd sash;
He lock'd the door, tumbl'd into bed,
And quickly cover'd up his head;
And sweated there till morning's light,
Dispell'd the frightful shades of night.
When venturing to poke out his nose,
Fairly from the smoth'ring clothes,
And turn 'bout inquiring eye,
To see that there was no enemy;
He sliding out upon the floor,
Would lock well up his chamber door,
And begin with fear and trembling,
To lay out clothes and go to packing;
'Till emptied was his whole wardrobe,
And full equipp'd to leave this side the globe;
Where spirits are so troublesome,
In one's nice pursuits of Buncombe.

CANTO XV.

ARGUMENT.

Ossawatomie now migrates,
And on the Border situates;
The Liners do not like his aspect,
Yet, treat him with ev'ry respect;
He'd have the people to infer
He's to be a prodigious farmer.

CANTO XV.

Let the Reader now revisit,
With a true unbiassed spirit,
The country designed for invasion
By Sir Knights of the Pewter Passion;
See with two eyes that are his own,
Hear with ears not too waxy grown,
Truths as told by Piddle About,
Who dubbed went South as spy redoubt,
To rouse in Ebo, peccant sense,—
But, alack!—turns State's Evidence.
For Ossawatomie is *en route*
To States' Mother, and in pursuit
To Medina we'll follow Moslem,
And together there, put up with him,—
A sort of private secretary,
To chronicle his deeds of Errantry;—
'Till he shall all his traps have laid,
And tried the virtue of a raid.

We shall journey with purpose fair,
And soul as free as country air;
Shall sketch, perhaps, some scenery
Possessing a passing beauty,
Some streams that flow—as others do,
Silent or noisy the country through;
And lift a few eternal hills,
Minus "Embargo's"* dactyls,
And his ever itching fancy,—
Which flea-bitten from infancy,
Nicknames knobs and scalded places,
Haunts of Apollo and the Muses;
And waters of Mermaid and Loon,
Exclusive abode of Neptune.†

* W. C. B. "At the age of 13, wrote the 'Embargo,' a political satire which was never surpassed by any poet of that age"---says one of the Nutmegs. Yet we think Poe's poem, written at 6 years of age—the early birth of which, he did not disclose till some time after he had delivered it before the Lowell Institute of Boston, to the great admiration of the Athenians, quite as good a satire—on their intelligence,—at least he considered it so.

† The Northern Gents of Rhyme, in making up descriptions of their homes, are continually drawing on Greece and Rome for materials.

We may cite you people, howe'er green,
Yet riper than some others seen;
Who, buried in sheer ignorance,
Ne'er abase old Common Sense.
So much as to cloud their faculties
With fumes of mercenary spies,
Or seek to find in glum mysteries,
Or Funk papers—truthful stories.
'Twas on a fair midsummer's day,
When the corn was ripe and mown the hay;
Aye! when the people were rejoicing,
With the renewal of a blessing,
All over the Land of Mary,
And her sister—for the foray.
It seem'd of late they'd felt the drift
Of most uncommon sum of thrift;
The country all was doing well,
The towns and villages did swell,
With advance of the working arts,
And the lap of commerce,—seem'd our marts.
New friends were being invited,
Came, prosper'd and were delighted;
Some to this, some to the other shore,
Their hopes and energies they bore;

Among them, at this glad season,
Came the grim, arch-fiend of treason;
Ossawatomie was greeted,
And for the Kennedy Farm treated;
Just along the Maryland side,
And from the States' Mother scarce a ride.
His phiz was not captivating,
More than another evil thing;
For 'neath person which was filthy,
There was an air of deviltry,
A rude disregard of custom,
Which was anything but wholesome,—
When 'grafted on a man of visage
So like to Zouave, or savage;
His abrupt, yet fawning manners,
Show'd blood of spaniel cross'd with curs,—
An untrusty sort of mongrel,
To be prowling staunchest kennel.
Yet he might be useful settler,
With the progging zeal of farmer,
And hide auspicious qualities
Behind his eccentricities;—
Aye—something of a diamond,
Which long buried in the ground,

But now grubb'd up to grateful light,
Might shine forth transcendent bright.
He drew out strange opinions;
Some call'd him *squash and inions*,
Some veritable clock-maker,
Patent moonshine astrologer,
An excommunicated monk,
Or an ostracised Peter Funk,
Poverty-strick'n pedagogue:—
Yet none surmis'd, the horologue
He bore of that grim skeleton
Death, in their nomenclature of fun.

This objectionable looking guest,
Said he'd come from far off lands, in quest
Of one of those productive soils,
Which repute said—paid one back for toils,—
As arduous as the planters are;
For high tilth, he car'd not a hair,
He'd some great scientific views,
Which he promis'd to diffuse;
Touching the rotation of crops,
The culture and trenching of hops,

Knew how the *ghost** might be ejected,
And insur'd the rising of bread,†
And the brewing of Dead Shot Ale,
For the palate of Lords of Entail.‡
He said all the land should be *drill'd*,
And manur'd from the victims kill'd;
And that *saltpetre* and *brimstone*,
Were greatest fertilizers known
In all the mineral kingdom,—
And was willing to except none.
That the grasses best to be sown,
Were from seed gotten from one Brown,—
Who was an intimate friend of Smith,§
Whom he'd had many dealings with;
They were the Blood-red Seditions,
[Which name was very suspicious,]
Should be steep'd in spirit of venom,
And then, one should well broadcast them,—

* The Moth so destructive to the Hops' growth; and here represents the slave's presentiment of failure in an attempted insurrection.

† The rising of the slave, whose labor is our bread.

‡ Virginia considered in favor of Primogeniture Entail.

§ The name Brown assumed, when at Kennedy Farm.

Nor fear an excess in sowing,
As they throve best closely growing.
The growth of hemp he deprecated,
For the Union-Ship it guided,
It rang the bell of wild alarm,
And might swing the host of—Kennedy Farm.
He advis'd the rearing of Swine,
Of the Sharp Tusk Stock—of Duke Carbine,
As they lov'd in filthy bogs to moil,
And would serve in *stirring up the soil.*
He thought it very strange, indeed,
The fox—whose sagacity and speed
Gave him elsewhere good position,
Was not here an institution;
And considerately opin'd
There was a stock of wolf they'd find,
By a diet humbled to the traces,
Would supersede mules and horses.
Now we cannot pretend to think,
So as to have it down in ink,
He'd such monstrous heaps of views
Adapted for carrying out his ruse;
Then, he'd hatch'd up such petted names,
For his innocent little games;

A sort of Rosicrucian scum,
Spew'd out from Learning's Templedom ;*
Fine Mundungian jaw crackers,
For benefit of wiseacres,—
Suppos'd to live hereabout
As plenty as Potomac trout :—
For 'twas always *guess'd to home*,
They were the only people some ;
The rest, of all tribes and ages,
Were only so many savages.

* We refer the reader to the New England Courant's account of "Harfet Coleg," which is too long for us to transcribe. Franklin calls this "Coleg"--"the Temple of Learning," and recommends that the "Mundungian Language" shall be taught in this institution, in preference to the vulgar English of Addison and Company.

CANTO XVI.

ARGUMENT.

The hero's family arrives,
His sons and Pelf*----three ugly knives,
Now put their shoulders to the wheel;
The people all begin to feel
There's something wonderful afloat,
Like "Crazy Rumsey's Flying Boat."
Flaxen Hair transmits the result
Of his labors, which are occult
To all save Ossawatomie,
Who gauges them with internal eye:
He conquers nations----in fancy,
And compromises for their existency.

* Stevens.

CANTO XVI.

Despite the charms of the country,
The Fillibuster was lonely;
For 'twas not his proper sphere,
Although he'd made it so appear,
By show of such agricultural
Learning, as proceeds from sepulchral
Dormitories of Harfet Coleg,
And other Funk temples of the age.
Yes, he'd stood this life as long as could
A better man in better mood,
And then sat down to epistolize
A soft billet-doux, to apprize
His old fowl and the daughters fair,
That he'd prefer their charge and care,
To fervid and unctious Windy Bags,
Or Money Cut with his remnant rags,
Or e'en Silent Thought with speeches kind;
For he really thought—love all wind;

The Frees were only artful scrubs,
And papa alone loved his bubs.
  His letter must have had all three points
Of oratory—in its joints,
Wonderful eloquence to win,
And strike the chords of soul within;
For scarce could echo return again,
Ere he beheld his folks on the train,
And found them in the pots and kettles,
Stirring the washing up and victuals;
For there was a *month's washing*
To be done on a single thing,
The dirty hero should be tubbed,
And well with soap and water scrubbed:
And the fare before the ladies came—
Forage would be its real name,—
Surely would have been unwholesome,
But for the corrective use of rum.
Buzzard felt new life with his spouse
And daughter, seeing to the clothes,
And giving feminine attention
To the domestic institution;
So that he employ'd might be each day,
Receiving and trundling away

Great piles of useful implements;
Which, in the name of common sense,
One would think might last forever,
And several days thereafter,
In cultivating such a place
As we behold in present case.
And yet the cry was "still they come,"
As if no end of them at home,
Or that there was intended purchase
Of the continent's whole surface.
  This o'er refreshing plentitude
Did greatly amaze the multitude,
Of several families there,
'Till with mouths agape, they'd stare
Neglecting all others business,
In seeking out a clue to this.
  Then there came three burly fellows,*—
A sample of the newest scare-crows;
And they, too, went to work trundling,
As though all creation moving,
To one unfruitful spot of earth,
To expel an everlasting dearth.

* Brown's Sons and Stevens.

The people all believed that something
Was doing toward wonder working,
And waited tip-toe for event
Of trial—*per experiment:*—
For some there are who yet remember
How the "Flying Boat" did answer,*
By steam to paddle up the river,
And with noblest host that ever
Shipped upon sublunar water
Aboard—honestly to try her.
Since then, how could they be surprised,
At anything, by time capsized,
Or turned up in a neighborhood
Where invention-number one had stood.
So there was a squint in neighbors eyes
As well as Ossawatomie's;
They never saw his like before—
For Smith, the name he bore,—
Had received so many letters,
And from such various quarters,

* The first successful application of steam to propelling boats, was made on the Potomac river, and not far from the scenes of the invasion, by James Rumsey,—and George Washington was on board to witness the trial.

Some thought the eccentric rascal
Must be Post Master General.
He had crossed swords with Shrewd Thrifty,
On the platform of making money,
And the old codger stood aghast
To hear how easy—very fast
Fortunes might be accumulated,
And romances fabricated.
  Buzzard had circulated freely
Among all the country gentry,
Well crammed his pate with knowledge,
From amenity's rustic college ;—
Yet, like Tabby, he kept up mousing,
And chuckling at his chousing.
His sons were daily out prowling,
With the Bloody Pelf assisting,
In procuring information,
As to the bearing and relation
Of matters and things in general,
For working into material.
And as the twig is bent, so inclined
Is the child to the turn of mind
Of the parent,—they'd found everywhere
Something needing more than common care ;

Some creature beyond others charge,
Wandering pretty much at large,
From Ebo running from a birch,
To a chicken straying from the perch.
They visited the Flaxen Haired Bub,—
Who, like themselves, up to the hub
In treason filth, sedition mire,
Was planting standard in the fire,
Laying States' Mother off in maps,
And fitting triggers to his traps.
The merest sort of simpleton,—
Who living in the light of sun,
Sees not beyond his nasal end,
With how little hope he might depend
On Pompey and his family,
Or Stepney as a runaway,
Or Billy with his silver head,
Praying and singing Old Hundred,
To the vallies shining verdure,
And the streams of the living pure,
To the blue ethereal dome,
And to the peaceful smoke of home.
Ebo ne'er knows our restlessness,
And anxiety about business;

Was planting standard in the fire,
Laying States' Mother off in Maps,
And fitting triggers to his traps.

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Our *conflict irrepressible*
In getting of the needful:
It's only Piddle About tricks,
That will trouble our domestics;
They will be honest with our plate,
'Till tempted by a gilded bait
To rob the hand that gives them bread,—
And find too late, their jewel's lead,
Galvanized by pampered factors,
And sold to them by their detractors.
Thus much we've said, as Flaxen Hair
Had had many chances, that were rare,
For knowing all he was about,
When undertaking reckless scout,
And forging arms of knavery
For Captain Ossawatomie.
He was, no doubt, an ardent youth,
But seldom sticking to the truth;
He'd fainted when blood was drawn,—
He was quite right, it was his own;
And while he might have no penal tricks,
He was, we think, too fond of relics.
We would not anticipate action,
When *we* merely state a passion;

But 'tis from passions actions come,
Like Trumpeter's limber-legs from rum;
And unless we trace the source from which
A grabbing flows, or springs a witch,
Then Bub fights without his buckler,
And Trumpeter might pass muster.

Well, Flaxen Hair had busy been
With all the matters to him given;
He had the papers for the boys,—
Wild Pottawatomie* Sepoys,
Who'd go anywhere for daddy,—
Steal a horse, or lick a Paddy,
Lay waste to country, burn towns,
Or ship the world to Davy Jones.

The batch of diagrams when they came,
Show'd Engineer worthy of the name;
There were outline elevations,
And skilfully marked projections,
Wry profile delineations,
Stock still-life representations
Of three sided fields, four sided woods,
Square built towns, and runabout roads;

* Where Brown first became famous for his iniquities.

Rivers stretching beyond the chain,
And lines plunged knee deep in a drain:
The prodigies of theorems,
And formulas and axioms;
A mathematical accretion,
That would baffle all description;
Done up in ink, both black and red,
Like Apostrophe Soft's*—heart and head.
There were schemes, schedules, and designs,
With strange hieroglyphic signs;
Crooked enigmas and riddles,
Paradoxes, mazes, and puzzles;
Which might Euclid stump, or Gliddon,
Alexander, or Adrian;†
Or serve to sharpen their wits upon,
While they'd be unable to con,
To untwist and descypher for sense,
Though gifted with treble their talents.
Yet, the old tactician puffed up,
Right off, pretended he snuffed up
The whole matter, as in a nutshell,
And readily pronounced—all's well.

* J. R. L. † The two famous wizards.

He saw great wonders prefigured,
A nation of nations—unscrewed,
Its members dispersed like to Babel,
By reason of strategic skill;
Not yet knew the gist of a figure,
Nor the turn of a line—for sure;
But took it for granted, 'twas right,
Or wrong, 'twould not alter the fight;
For he had knack of fight-natural,
Whether gladiatorial,
In justle, in stave, or in fence,
He had shown no little pretence;
He was as much at home in a skirmish,
As puss in a kettle of fish;
Was good in campaign, or crusade,
Or war to the knife, in a raid:
His fire-cross and bug-bear were *pluck;*
His genius propitious—luck.
Yet Bub found a good place in his eyes,
And should shine in uppermost skies,
From proficiency's reason
He should be Captain, in season;
For, with the host that were coming
From the general recruiting,

There would be some leaders required,
In full mathematics attired,—
The logarithmical soldier,
As well as the brass trimmed fellow.
With hot haste would go the orders,
For covering well all the borders,
For establishing rendezvous,
And stations for telegraphic news,
For attacking, or retreating,
In case of a run, or a beating;
For filling up the breeches,
With plenty and timely stitches;
Or closing the opening cracks
In weak souls—with Apple Jacks;
For haranguing the host with power,
And galvanizing the horn-blower.

As in fancy, he summoned his force,
Mounting, with such words, the *high horse;*—
"Wont I have gorgeous display,
When we are strung up in battle array;
The world I'll impress with grandeur,
And power of arms, to be sure;

Dynasties shall quail, afar off,
And Kings sing out—'Cyrus! say nuff;'
But, know—I'll act just as to that,
Only after some little chat,
And thought whether a compromise
Would look well, before the world's eyes;
Then settle what they shall give us,
If we'll not make any fuss."

* Cyrus W. Field, who monopolizes all the news by the Atlantic Telegraph.

CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

The hero making an early rise,
Straight to the battle ground he hies;
And there meeting with a plain one,
Exchanges a little bit of fun.
Returning finds a motley party
Gaming and fighting 'gainst the monkey.
He makes them all entirely welcome,
With ardent speech and jugs of rum:
Point of difference arising,
Colonel Sphinx's barber pitching
Into the midst of the debate,
Caused the thing to terminate.
Black Pudding's called—the bandanna floats,
And all proceed to wet their throats.

CANTO XVIII.

All glorious with autumnal hues,
The wind the crisped foliage strews,
And whips the forest monarchs well
From their indolent summer spell;
It brings forth from an early bed,—
As though Pan himself invited,
The restless Ossawatomie,
To blow in him blast of energy.
He strolled far o'er the battle ground,
And viewed the place all 'round;
He beheld the river and the hills,
That he with the coming morrow wills
Shall flow with blood, and waste with carnage;
In honor of his parentage,*

* The 16th October,—the day appointed for the raid,—is the same day that his grandfather did not take Burgoyne,—but somebody else did.

For the sake of his ambition,
And bettering of his condition.
In just a humor of this kind,
He met a youth, he had a mind
To try how very verdant were
The natives of the forest here;
He asked him "What yon sign-post" said,
To which the bumpkin straight replied;
"Just five miles from where you stand,
Is just five miles from this same land."
"Pray sir!" said he, "what might you do?"
"Mind my eyes, be sure, and look at you."
Buzzard answered with knitted brow,—
"You are most learned, dear sir, I vow,
And quick, indeed, with answers too,
To all that one propounds to you;
Yet one more query ere we part,
Your name, I'd take well to heart."
"You shall have it sir, without doubt,
Hereabouts, I'm Wide Awake Sprout;
And what may you be called at home?
Who have dropped your manners in your roam!
Perhaps your name may follow suit,
And your fine business here to boot."

The buzzard felt the lint was off,
And regretted he'd been so bluff;
"My name is Smith, a farmer here."
"Then Mister Smith, have a care,
And keep your tongue in better train,
Or you may miss your mark again;
Aye—you may let out some things you know,
And I've surmised some time ago;
Good day! Mister Smith, by and by
We may meet again, before we die."
For once the offshoot of Old Scratch,
Had found a chap that was his match,
In tongue-basting,—if not fray,
The Sprout had coped with him fairly:
Besides, he had talked to him a lore
Belonging only to his corps;
He'd evidently smelt a rat,—
Perhaps found out just what he was at.
The words of Sprout stuck in his gizzard
Without digestion—they were so hard;
But he inwardly rejoiced in
The fact, that suspicion had not been
Till this late hour the least aroused,
When the munition all was housed,

And coming were the pugnates all,
From Billy Stout to Johnny Small.
  Through the deep woods, Ossawatomie
Sauntered slowly—thoughtfully;
And would like Reynard cogitate
Upon the Provisional State.*
Now getting a glimpse of his abode,
It lively seemed and he took the road,
And as if measuring off the ground
He'd stride the weeds, or with a bound
Jump the ditches that intercepted,
Till at home he had arrived.
  The old buzzard threw his door open,
And on straightway entering in
Beheld a smart concourse of folks,
Smoking, carousing and swapping jokes;
He recognized them at first view,
As the motley members of his crew;
And with a wild, hysteric cry,
Exclaimed, "What the deuce is in the fry!"

* After Brown had made the conquest of Virginia, he intended to establish a "Provisional Government," with himself as President.

As when the Captain from below,
Takes his infernal horn to blow
Up the abject subjects of his will,
They all start forth to fulfil
Their duty, with crouching forms and airs—
Too mean to name them with satyrs.
As with one voice they cry out, "My Liege"—
"Why, he's been hunting in the sedge,"
Said Bloody Pelf,—"for his foes,
And has sadly dirtied up his clothes."
"My Dabble host,"* the hero cried,
"I thought from yon hill I 'spied
Your promised visit to my house,
And felt as ready as cold souse,
To hasten back and make you welcome
To a repulsive looking home;
Made so by the absence of my spouse
And daughter—of whom I'd to dispose,
Thinking the women better be away,
As the times were getting stormy."
He had not uttered quite the thing,
That he should have been saying

* The party consisted of whites, blacks and mulattoes.

Of the other sex; for 'tis not the storm
From which he drives them—not the harm,
But the sight of his dark nature,
At which revolts the better creature.

"Great Chief! make yourself quite at ease
We are not so dreadful hard to please;"
Said the Flagstaff drinking freely,
If we can only keep pretty spry,
We'll put up with any lodging,—
Straw will answer for our bedding."
"Oh, yes, and that we'll hardly need,"
Spoke up a lieutenant; "and we'll feed
On our prospects ahead, of fame,—
Meanwhile, indulging in a game."

He liked the tone of this address,
And answered it with special stress;
"Well, my larks! hunt up your pleasure,
And enjoy yourselves without measure.
If you can find the means 'bout here,
The body has no time to spare,
Each hour dulls the sense a little,
Till the keen edge will cease to whittle.

But, how comes on my Secretary ?*
And his bosom friend—Bald Dirty ?"
The Provisional officer,
Approaching near his better;
" Bald—Captain is pretty much the same
As ever—after an ugly fame;
And he'd chase into a hollow
The most doubtful looking dollar."
" Well, 'pon my word !" said the old Blue,
If here isn't Captain Bub to meet you,
Escaped I 'spose across the stream,
With old Rumsey's head of steam;
And there's the Buff Colored Scholar,†
And great Sambo Sphinx's barber ;‡
By the by, where's Sphinx to day ?
He promised he'd be at the fray.§

* Kagi, the Secretary of the Provisional government, and correspondent of the Tribune.

† Copeland, the extravagantly handsome and accomplished mulatto.

‡ Green, an illiterate and brutal full blooded African, the leader in the rescues at Harrisburg, a journeyman barber.

§ Douglas assured Brown that he would be at the Harper's Ferry raid; after the bubble bursted, he was pronounced a coward and villain by the latter.

Now, my friends! make yourselves at home,
Be satisfied with pot-luck, and rum;
We have one day more to wait,
And then we shall have our surfeit;
This abstinence should be no bar,
For it gives circumstance to war."
The Secretary, like his friend
Dirty, had always on the end
Of his brazen tongue a something
He'd like to be up offering;
He buzzard undertook to counsel,
And direct in a course as well;
"Great President and Commander,
Both Iceberg and Salamander;
Thou whose nature's prone to destroy,
To shed blood—and blood, and never cloy,—
I think as we are but few in number,
We had better wait until November;
Dirty agrees in this with me,
That not prepared is the country."
When Ossawatomie replied;
"On Dirty you should have ne'er relied;
To-day you'll find him breathing hot,
To-morrow cold; he war is, and is not;

KURNUL SAMBO SPHINX.

I knows ther gemman verry well,
He's ither out 'pon a swell,
Or awashin uv ther sun-shine
Frum offen ther surfice uv his skin.

[*Page* 219.]

Peace no doubt is his favorite
For himself, and war for the State;
But believe me he knows nothing,
But to do abusive writing:
The invasion I'll not delay,
Some of our friends, in fact, are away,
But on to-morrow to the scratch they'll come,
And on that night we'll sound our drum."
"You is werry right," the barber said,
"I wants tu shave ther pop'ler hed,
Old Dirty's alreddy ball,
An my chanc uv a sixpunce are small,
So fur as he are concern'd;
Now don't hav this bisnes orpturn'd;
Capting! my 'cissers am sharpin'd,
An I wont to hav 'em all apon'd,
Mars Ion Will fust takin the cheer,—
An I'll shav 'em all cleen, es sheel appere.
Our fren Kurnul Sphinx,* sartainly,
Wont disappint Ossywattamy;
I knows ther gemman verry well,
He's ither out 'pon a swell,

* The Reader will perceive that there were no privates in this army.

Or awashin uv ther sunshine
Frum offen ther sufice uv his skin,
An rectifiin uv un ordur
He 'sposes he got frum his mudder,—
One uv ther Royil fambly*
Uv musrats in Afrecay."
Ossawatomie now strode the floor,
Drilling his thoughts like a barrister;
Stepping it off till he'd racy feel,
He halted, and turning on his heel,
He thus addressed the party,
Seriously and emphatically:
"Men, heroes! Skunks of the nation!
And friends of amalgamation!
You behold, even in our camp,
The obtruding odor of the lamp;
Strategic warriors of the quill,—
Victims of dyspepsia and gravel,†—
Beating back the tide of glory,
With affected significancy.

* All negroes represent their parents to have been Kings and Queens in Africa.

† Diseases resulting from the sedentary lives of writers.

Can you see this without feeling
Suspicion of double dealing;
To my eyes it has the aspect,
Certainly, of a thing that's streaked:
For all my letters inform me,
That the entire South is ready;
And all these letters I've answer'd now,
Appointing to-morrow for the row.
Then here's Captain Bub, who informs us
Fetter Legs is burning for a muss;
Again, from the North, are thousands
Marching in coy and chosen bands;
And we must all feel assured that
They'll appear with the drop of a hat.
Now where is this necessity!
Where, I ask, is our chivalry!
In sneaking back to our slumber
And waiting until November.
By the spirit of Black Pudding!
I'm opposed to retreating;
What say you, my dabble gallants,
Shall we march, or listen to these rants."
"March! march!" burst from ev'ry tongue,
With voice unequivocal and strong;

Now Ossawatomie was touched,
And the red bandanna he clutched,
And drew it o'er his liquid eyes;
Then waving it—"Here's your flag!" he cries.
When all hands stepp'd up to embrace
The soiled ensign of the face.
Said the buzzard, "Let's all take a dram!"
And drink the downfall of old Uncle Sam;
And then to work, opening cases,
So, to-morrow—Puck assisting—
To States' Mother we'll be marching."

CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

The Nutmeg army marches out,
Inflamed with spirit---for a turn about;
They surprise a gent and sentinel,
And convey them to the Arsenal:
Captain Bub, to the country sent,
Proves himself most efficient.
Buzzard *shoots a black, he comes to free,*
Because he loathes his Ism-Liberty;
The Skulking Dapples---from corners,
Fire on defenceless warfarers.
The news spreading thro' the country,
Brings fighting men in freely;
The gallants fly, and take shelter,
Invoking Black Pudding to up-muster
His full force---of hocus-pocus;
But the sea-boys, bold and dextrous,
Take the stronghold and the chief,
Ere the wizzard comes to their relief.
The Dapples are tried and convicted,
And with promptness executed.

CANTO XVIII.

The sun, as though anticipating
That evil doers were waiting
For his watchful eye to close,
And the world to lapse into repose;
Florid grew at departing day,
And flinging back a lurid ray
Into night, it streamed up the west,
And looked very ominous,—at least
To the Dapple Gallants, who stood
And gazed on't in unpleasant mood:
They strove, perforce, to cheerful be
At the vaunting of Ossawatomie,
Or some exceeding witty flight
Of the pumpkin colored erudite,
Or ribald joke of the barber;
As with endless horns of liquor
They were filling up their paunches—
Old Jamaica courage, to the haunches.

Now the moon, like a red ball of fire,
Up to the zenith would aspire;
And as gliding o'er the azure floor
A threat'ning tiara she wore,
As on that dread, prophetic night,*
When eccentric shone her lovely light,
An awful warning to Gabriel,
And the host mustering up from hell.
Despite the omen in the sky,
The earth was reposing breathlessly,—
Keeping holy the Sabbath day,
Far better than her progeny.
For old Ossawatomie had
Been dreadfully disappointed,
Wheedled and cajoled by promises,—
Both of the Nutmegs and the Spies:
Since the day and hour had arrived,
When the vast army he'd to lead

* During Gabriel's insurrection in Virginia, near Richmond, a storm arose, as by Providential direction, and swelled a small creek so high that he and his followers failed to reach the city. They were afterwards brought to town by the volunteers; tried, condemned and hanged; seventy in number.

Might all squarely stand together,
Almost in a box for a piano,—
Certainly in a freight-car, or batteau,
With plenty of room for them to row.
But, there yet remained to him a gleam
Of ardent hope—across the stream,
As Captain Bub had bespoke
The services of the colored folk;
Whom he said were special anxious
For liberty, and a muss;
And would be ready in their might
To make the biggest sort of fight.
The buzzard was getting restless,
And burning to commence business;
Was 'round bustling and preparing,
With a show of manœuvring:
Here some grave instructions giving,
There men into the ranks chunking,
Straight'ning and bracing his forces,
With various epithets and curses:
Like an impatient, ill tempered child
House building,—and as he piled
One squad of ill-shapen men of blocks,
All the rest out of line he knocks;

Till ne'er appearing to get right,
Drilled to make a creditable sight,—
Unless to tack together, he must needs,
Or run them on a string, like beads.
At last, in some sort, by the moon,
He got into ship-shape his platoon;
And swearing oaths both black and blue,
As counting up the twenty-two—
Of that enormous, ardent band,
Who to the rack had come to stand.
The hero mounted the only horse,
And rode forth to view his force;—
Such steed was the epitome
Of all horse animality,
A charger, indeed, for a buzzard—
To make a snack from, or a wizzard
To jog on thro' bogs and quagmires,
To limber his joints and wake his fires.
When the grand review was over,
In front of the ranks rode the Commander;
Plying cold steel till would smart
The lank sides of his Bonyparte;
And drawing forth a jug of steam
He drank his throat well rid of phlegm,

And almost from his saddle springing,
He commenced a loud harangueing;
"Brave Dapples! heroes! and champions
Of Freedom, and new institutions!
This night shall the Stars and Stripes,
Rent be into ribands and into slips,
To make Uncle Sam a neck tie,
To swing that gent 'twixt earth and sky.
In spite of the absence of many
Of the braggart, cowardly Free,
Shall double courage serve us, for those
Gentlemen of speech and fine clothes;
Sphinx, Trumpeter and Company,
And all the Peter Funkery.
Remember the spoils shall be ours,
The honors to us, and the powers:
Dapples! you'll march straight to victory,
As a hawk to a sparrow will fly;
Be brave—your ticklers use freely,
And with Colt's and Minnie's be spry;
Spare not e'en the feeblest of foes,
For they've tongues who can't strike us blows.
And as we've a pretty good journey,
Let us be 'bout getting away;

You'll please march—well as possible,
Thro' the woods and o'er the arable,—
And not regard a few briers,
Nor start at the sight of *fox-fires;*
But keep the step up and down hill,
With soldierly precision and skill;
And in pursuing your march through,
Bony and I will be with you."
Captain Bub, who knowing the way,
As well as if 'twere broadest day;
Would ahead run, and showing a ditch,
Bid the troops not make a pitch
Into the same; nor bark their shins
'Gainst the rocks—which stuck into the scenes.
While Bonyparte and the Commander
Would the mouth of each ravine enter,
Growling like wolf, or screeching as owl,—
But answer came not from beast or fowl,
In reply to the anxious call;*
Aye—for Funks he might loudly bawl,

* Brown said there were 300,000 men coming to the Free Fight; and as they had not before arrived, he imagined that as he advanced to the Ferry, they would be springing out from every hollow in the hills.

Altho' 'twas a number one place
To have hidden the Nutmeg race;
The gorges and caves were so deep
That here 'neath pine and cedar sleep,
The country so rugged and sterile
For many and many a mile;
That not e'en herds had strayed,
I'm sure to browse the mountain blade.
The bandits at result of this search,
'Gan to suspect they'd been left in the lurch;
When as marching down a long ridge,
They discovered making the bridge,
From church a gentleman returning,
Whom to clutch quickly proceeding,
Soon made him feel amply content
By the Minnie and Colt argument.
The watch of the bridge, had he not fled,
Would also have been entrapped:
At his flight swore Ossawatomie,
Charging his men "to more cautious be;"
Who sneaking thro' the bridge, t'other side,
The sentinel, number two, they spied;
And, altogether with monstrous vault,
The poor fellow they did assault;

Some his legs grabbed, some his arms,
While others, his mouth bound with their palms!
To him the thing was like a nightmare,
'Twas all so sudden and so queer;
But o'erwhelmed by numerous foes,
He bore his fate—and brushed his clothes.
So with valor overstrained,
The bridge had been charged and fairly gained;
And Bony, Buzzard and the host,
Commanded now important post;
Stationing here a squad of four,
To arrest the fire-horse coming o'er,
And have him stabled prisoner
To the Stop Cocks of High-Pressure War;
The laurel plucking chieftain,
Bonyparte and the gallant train,
Moved onward to the Armory;
Where seizing Uncle Sam's sentry,
They placed their own watch at the gate,
And passing to the portal opposite,—
Distant some fifteen rods or more,
There left also another corps:*

* Thus posted, the citizens were permitted to pass the Arsenal gate, and indeed, directed by the insurgents—dis-

For disappointed in their number,
They had to be a little *cuter*
Than they had ever been before,
To get the Firsts into their power;
And well the tact of the Sneaks all,
Answered for their lack of metal.

Bonyparte and Ossawatomie,
Directing for the captivity,
And lock up—the Engine Building—
Now started forth manœuvring.
Both proud as Julius Cæsar
At the rapid progress of the war;
The buzzard stroking down his steed,
Bony chewed the bit, and tried his speed;
And in his hasty, warlike fits,
Would turn quite 'round in five minutes.
During these war-horse-flesh feats,
Valiant Captain Bub he meets,

guised as the town's people—to the Armory enclosure, "as there seemed to be something going on wrong there." Seventy unsuspecting citizens fell into this trap; encountering armed men in the enclosure, they could make no resistance.

And deputizes him to go
And bring the Colonel* down below;
With any other of the gentry,
He thinks proper, in the country.
This was an office Bub desired,
And by the trust his soul was fired;
So selecting five of the Dapples,
In whom his fervor he instills,
They proceeded to the Colonel's farm,—
Which for the Captain had a charm.
Now, 'twas two hours or more to-day,
When in his saucy, familiar way,
He aroused him from his morning's doze,
And showed him his armed fellows;
Was "extremely sorry" that 'twas so,
But "to the Ferry" he must go;—
Yet, ere having him to do it,
He'd like to see his cabinet:
And fatally—to his palm there sticks
The Colonel's most valued relics.
From the house, he to the cabin goes;
And waking up the sleeping Eboes,

* Colonel Washington.

Has drawn forth the chaise and wagon,—
But from the stable, are the horses gone
Wandering loose about the pasture,
Or reposing like honest creature.
With sword and pistol,* on his arm,
He pursues the cattle 'bout the farm,
O'er his ankles in the soil,
All tightly grasping at his spoil;
Till fagged almost to death, he drops
Flat down among the gathered crops;
Lamenting that 'tis only so
That man e'er becomes a hero:
When Ebo sings out to the Frees,—
"I's done kotch'd all ther ponies,—
I 'spose Marster sont yer fur 'um:"
When Bub replied,—"I want you too to come."
Ebo not dreaming of his purpose,
To the bandit said,—"In coorse,
Ef Marster Lewis are goin,
I aint a guine to be stayin;
Fur them's comicul lookin folks,
An I got a pocket full er rocks

* The relics of Col. W.

Fur 'em ef they darsent fur tur tetch
Him, they'd moughty ap tur ketch
Ther sheer—of these here groun apples."
"Come!" said Bub, "lets be off my Dapples;"
And driving on to a neighbors,
He goes to work again and blusters;*
Adding more captives to his train,
He hurries back to the Ferry again.
Without rousing any of the sleepers
The triumphant hero enters,
And deposites all his prizes
Safely within the premises.
Now Captain Bub had so active been,
He'd won the heart of the chieftain;
Who chucking him 'neath the chin,
Would have him warm himself within
By a draught or so from his flagon;
Then take a drive with the wagon,
O'er the river, to the rendezvous,—
From whence had march'd the Dapple crew,—

* Cooke awaking Mr. Alstadt, cried out,—"Get up quick, or we will burn you; we are going to free the country of slavery."

And fetch him stores and munitions,
With which to strengthen his positions.

Meantime, the Commander and his steed,
To the depôt repair'd, with ambling speed;
There finding Heywood standing guard,
He offered him a Colt and sword,
To "fight for freedom,"—as he said,
"For which he was like white men made,"
But the honest fellow seeing
That he was to a Nutmeg speaking,—
Who'd ever been the greatest foe
To the whole race of Ebo,—
Really their detestation
Of ev'ry other "strange folk" nation;—
He promptly threw the weapons down,
And scorned the lowlife Nutmeg clown,
And turned his back upon a fellow
Who'd kill his brother for a dollar;—
When lo! the bully of Trumpeter,
And Windy Bags' crusader,
The choice of that three hundred thousand,
Who would for colored freedom stand,

Raises the fiend-arm* of Scouring Rot,
And fires—on whom! 'twas not
A white who first was murdered by the knave,
But a poor *free black*, and upright brave.
  This rifle crack awakened
The hotel clerk near by, to send
A random salute in exchange,
Just along the insurgent's range:
This shot was answered from the gate
Of the Armory,—which not going straight,
As the night was too dark to take aim,
Except at promiscuous game;
And neither party had wish to 'bate
Their ammunition,—as their fate
Might depend on the state of cartouch,
And the cartridge box,—pretty much;
Deferred till 'twas open daylight
The firing, and remainder of the fight.
  'Bout this time, there came in a hurry,
The engine and train making entry,
As usual, upon the bridge way,—
Puffing and blowing away;

* The murderous rifle presented to Brown by Dr. H.

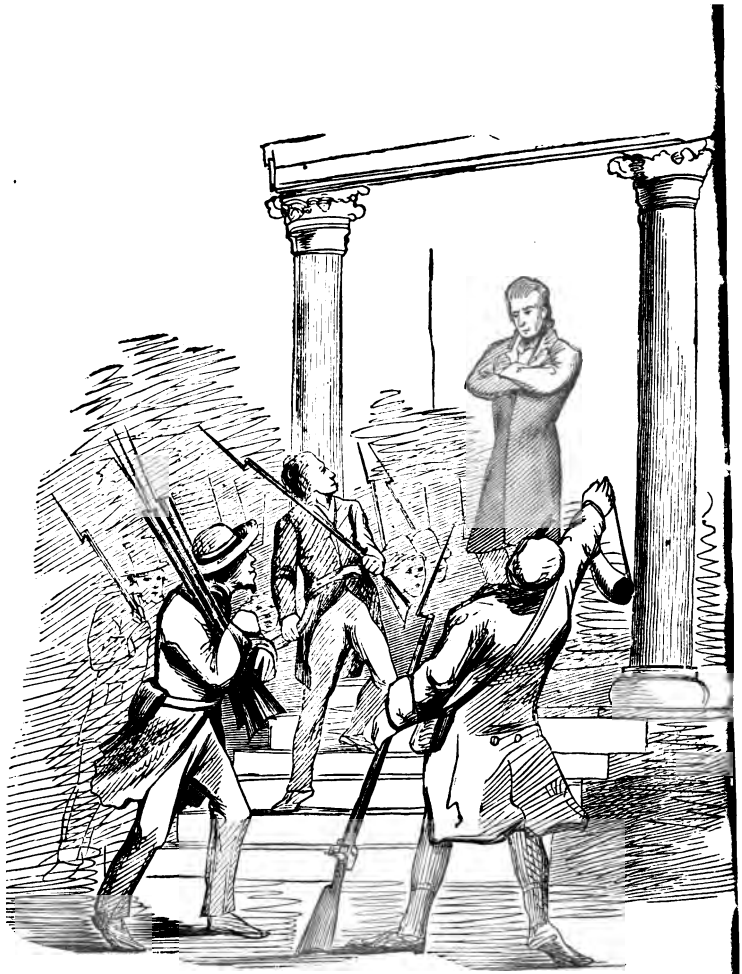
When the Dapples with mighty force
Straightway undertook the fire-horse ;—
The rider being quite at a loss,
To understand the nature of the fuss,
Why his good nag should be stopped,
Upbraided and cruelly wallopped ;—
For in their attack on the charger,
The Dapples did him fierce belabor,
In a style that was mighty warlike,
With bludgeon, fence-rail and spike ;
While the assailed,—a perfect snorter,
Reared, and fought them like a Major.
But Bony and Ossawatomie,
Would charge on him so bravely,
That they resolved to knock under,—
Both the engine and the tender.
Now buzzard, ne'er such prisoner
Had taken in any former war ;
And it puzzled him in high degree,
To find how he'd get in the Armory,
His mighty captive, and secure
And keep such valorus creature.
Just as he and Bony paused, in mood
Of thought, suited to solitude ;

Day broke—darkness all to pieces,
And sent light thro' all the creases
Of the earth; and shining on
Old Bony and the champion,
And the power by them vanquished,
Something thro' the mind quickly fla hed
Of the pensive Ossawatomie,—
What the day might disclose may-be.
Just then the rider of the fire-horse,
Blew forth a whistle loud and hoarse,
Which deaf'ning ev'ry gallant's ears,
Infused in them a host of fears;
Made Bony start up with surprise
And amble upward to the skies;
Nor less was the hero startled,
Who with a bound o'erleaped his charger's head,
And sprawled on the ground, at full length,
Making a life-size picture,—of some strength;
As grasping hard to his fusil
And cutlass, with determined will,
At arms-length he spanked them down,
And thus finished up the job full brown.
When quick as unharnessed thought,
The fire-horse shook himself, and gave a snort,

Then bolting, fairly leaped the rails,
And seemed to ride upon the gales.
The prostrate hero raised to his feet,
Adjudged the picture pretty neat,—
But did not like this awkward process,
Observed in such sculpture business;
His tendons too were somewhat strained,
And ev'ry joint thro'out him pained,
His nose and mouth were filled with dirt,
Tho' he sustained but little hurt.
As rising up, he looked for Bony,
Who had it seems been very spry,
And showed, indeed, he could be fleet,
As having raced full twenty feet;
When exhausted quite he'd made a stand,
And waited for his rider's hand
To possess him of the dragging rein,
And mount his swaying back again.
Now the Dapples in their arms would take
Their leader, and the dirt from him shake
With full many a lusty whack;
And strad'ling his legs 'cross Bony's back,
They followed him as he ambled;—
The sun rising from out his bed

As they entered the enclosure,—
'Bout time to test their cunning snare,
Which had already begun to tell,
The rat none seeming yet to smell,—
As the Dapples at the gate
Of the Arsenal lying wait,
Stood showing all the people 'round
Where the elephant might be found,—
Namely, just within the portal
Of the Armory; hurrying all
Found the animal they wanted
By buzzard being exhibited.
At last, two daring fellows,* armed,
Would know why the town was thus alarmed,
When very soon they were fired on
From the Arsenal station;
And quickly the shot returning,
One of the braves fell—expiring.
As witnessing the coward deed,
Men hastened to and fro with speed,
Vainly seeking weapons of defence
'Gainst such unmanly violence.

* Kelly and Boerly.



When with an ardor hurrying all
They thronged 'round the Capitol,
Imploring their Governor—who stood
Greeting them in unimpassioned mood.

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Post haste went the ugly tidings,
And on exaggeration's wings
It reached the capital of the State;
As from some fearful stroke of fate
Was all occupation paralized,
And civil wrong being solemnized;
Flowed the tide of insulted feeling,
Warmly thro' the mass of being;
When with an ardor hurrying all
They thronged 'round the Capitol,
Imploring their Governor—who stood
Greeting them, in unimpassioned mood,
To furnish them with arms, to fight
The flagrant enemy of right;—
Young men, old men, boys, e'en cripples
Begged for arms—cried for "guns and rifles,"
And besought the unruffled soul
That he'd ev'ry one of them enroll.
They contended hard who should go
To meet the Dapple, Nutmeg foe,—
For no train, by possibility,
Could bear such host to fight the Free:
But, determined all to go who could,
They crowded close the cars, or stood

The platform on, or rode the horse
Of fire, as he took his onward course.
The news now spreading 'bout the Ferry ;
The people all with wonted energy
Formed themselves into companies,
Taking posts upon the eminences,
And windows that o'erlooked the foe ;
And at a signal, with single blow,
They cleared the bridge and enclosure,
Of every opposing creature.
Bub, who from the cliffs of Mary,
Stood witnessing the foray,
Cast down, and eaten up with rage,
Was striving to do some damage ;
But his balls fell short—in the river,
Fright'ning, dare say, some little swimmer :
When a Firsts' ball cutting away a twig,*
Straight upset that tender sprig,
And dropped him in a ditch,—rising
He his ground deserted—streaking.

* As Cooke was holding on to the limb of a tree, overhanging the cliff, a ball cut the limb away, and he fell fifteen or twenty feet.

Several citizens had fallen prey
To the fire of the coward hide-away;
But when the Firsts their stand had taken,
And fired their broadside at signal given,
The Dapples licked the dust, or bellowed,
As they to the Engine House repaired.
The very brave Ossawatomie,
Shaking all over—nervously,
Spured, kicked and begged his Bonyparte
To save him by the racing art;
But he could not more than amble,
If he'd been promised a crop to nibble:
Gymnastic feats the buzzard made,
And vaults of horsemanship displayed,
Ere Bony and himself could get through
The Engine House door—to his crew.
But through he got, with panting breath,
But frightened almost plump to death,
He fell upon the neck of Bony,
And heaved a deep and sonorous sigh;
When a Dapple drew forth his tickler,
And did a dram administer,
To the President and Commander
Of the Provisional *knock under*.

When raising up his lengthy face,
Bony and he surveyed the place;
Which was such scrimp'd, contracted ground,
That his war-horse could scarce turn 'round.
Ebo, who was his great dependance,
Was giving him much insolence,
Or, under the Engine's sleeping,
Was this extra holyday keeping;
As ignorant of the Nutmeg's crimes,
As oblivious of the troublous times.

Pelf now urged the virtue of a peace,
Whereby he thought to save his fleece;
And buzzard up and told the prisoners,
How much he now regreted wars;
That he'd been fairly taken in,
And *sold—by his own darling kin.*
That he'd like so much to have a parley,
From the love he bore the prisoners—merely.
And loudly did he proclaim a truce;
But the fight had ceased—there was no use
Thinking of terms to offer those
Who held the squealer by the nose,
The buzzard now driven to the wall.
Must fight, if he'd courage left at all:

So Phil he put to drilling holes,
Thro' which he'd shoot relentless souls,
And get a little light and air,
To moderate his ugly scare.
He made the prisoners brace the door,
With the Engines standing on the floor,
And backing Bony 'gainst the same,
He bade him press hard, and show game.
And thus in suspense they waited,
As the Firsts had hesitated
To make assault, lest the savages
Would sacrifice their hostages.
When Mary sent her ready forces,
And Old Uncle Sam supposes
He ought to protect his property,
With a proper sort of energy,
By quickly ordering to the scenes
A fearless body of Marines;
To whom, gave way, thro' courtesy
The other heroes of the day.
Their colonel now ordered to surrender,
Bonyparte and the Commander;
But buzzard invoking Pudding Puck,
Made up his mind to 'bide his luck;

Believing that the Nutmeg wizzard,
Would an *ism* concoct to have him spared.
When he heard the command to "open,"
The hero quivered like an aspen;
Thro' Phil's hole he saw a ladder,
With which the Marines were 'bout to batter
Down his bold fortification,
When taking a secure position;
"Bony," he addressed, "to stand fast,
And resist the assault to the last;"
That Black Pudding would assist,
And see him successfully resist.
The blow came—'twas very heavy,
And dislodged and threw down the pony;
Who with something of an effort,
Presently had regained his port,
And prepared him for the second blow;
Phil, the driller, being called on to show
Whether he could not hold Bony,
And keep him at his post steady.
But the next blow—an unsettler,
Did him much worse than the former;
When the hero resolving the third to front,
Right up on Bony's back would mount,

His feet now firmly set in the stirrup,
Both hands he laid 'gainst the door—to prop;
Whilst the Dapples with their shoulders,
Strongly braced the steeds hind and fore quarters;
When Phil, posted at the hole, could see
Coming the Goddess of Liberty,—
For the Marines, with one more plunge,—
Brave Green leading—with a bold lunge,
Now broke into the rookery,
And the foul birds began to shy;
Green fiercely pitched into the buzzard,
And now belabored him so hard,
With his good sabre, that he durst
Not raise his arms against the First;
But piling them crosswise o'er his head,*
He sank down and pretended he was dead,—
Yet conceiving the treatment rough,
He came to life again—crying "Nuff."†

* A witness in court said, that "Brown received the sabre thrust, squatting shielding his head, and making no resistance;" another stated, that he "was in front squatting, and in my opinion killed the Marine."

† Witness said that "after the first attack, Brown cried out he would surrender, he was not heard."

The Marines had been at their duty,
Well lamming ev'ry single Free;
So that in two minutes by the watch,
The Funkish war wheels had a scotch.
Possum-like, the Dapple brought to light,
Looked foolish, and trembled with his fright,
As meeting the anger-flashing eyes
Of people who had suffered injuries;
For at sight of the sneaking savage
Scarce controlled was popular rage:
But as a people law-abiding,
They restrained a natural feeling
To crush a reptile 'neath the heel,
Tho' he might with evils deal;
Waiting to place their cause in trust
Of a leader,—proven brave and just.
He arrived too late to see the fight,
But time enough to set things right,
And show the Nutmeg nation all
The proper line of Mason's wall;
For num'rous engineers had the chief,
Who were ready to their best belief,
Then and forever to set the seal
On it—with their brist'ling steel.

Our outraged leader went to see
The abandoned dupe—Ossawatomie;
Humane he was, to an enemy,
Even of all humanity.
There lay the filthy old hyena,
Reposing on his bed of straw;
His raw-boned body broken strangely,
And bestial savageness fully
Starting from his gloating eyes,
As he smother'd up complaining cries;
Resolved to face an injured sovereign,
By a show of pluck that was vain.
For the calm look of Iron Will,
As he gazed on him, would fill
His heathen soul with homage,
And he protested he did wage
Destruction upon principle,—
That it was to us desirable,
As he had understood
To emancipate the Ebo brood.
That he held the Funkish doctrine,
Which was, there could be no great sin
In robbing men anxious to be free
Of such a curse to their country;

That he'd been inspired by Black Pudding,
Whose sage guidance was unerring,
And e'en then he was hovering near
Whispering comfort in his ear.
That he had expected in the wars
To have been joined by various colors;
As great part had failed to come,
He had been forced to fight with some,
Who now had suffered for their glory,
And more,—died without their money.
That he had promised Trumpeter
And others, as a courage plaster,
A lock to be taken from his head
While he was yet sleeping in his bed;
That as he'd failed to get the charm,
And they were always dreading harm,
Would he enclose in a letter,
Hair enough to draw a blister,
On the souls of a nation
Suffering from present trepidation.
To which brave Iron Will replies,
A smile all playing 'round his eyes;
"Buzzard, if the Funks will only come,
Willingly will I give each—some;

But know, 'tis not the custom here
To open agencies for fear;
Be sure I'll have them all invited,
If they've not the country fled."
"And," very gravely, "pray, sir!" said he,
"What are you going to do with me?"
"Turn you over to the law, be sure,
Which for such spirits has a cure,—
Tho' 'tis better than you deserve,
'Twill try your virtue, and valor prove."
The prisoners, without indignity,
Were taken before authority,
Protected by military,
Had counsel, and were tried legally;
Were condemned to be hanged, till dead,
Did hang and eat the bitter bread
Of innumerable misdeeds,—
And buried were with their creeds.
And may their end, teach Peter Funk
A lesson melancholy in Bunc-
ombe,—not to seek the Almighty dollar
Again in that peaceful hollow:
But when they've such jewelry to sell,
To know their market—rather well;

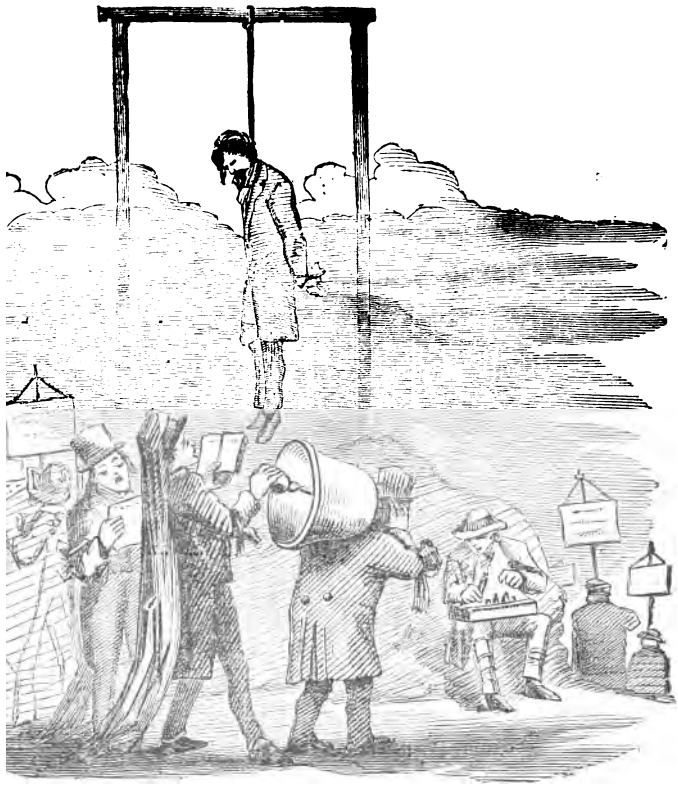
For rapidly have those grown old,
For whose blood Ossawatomie was *Sold*.

SAINT OSSAWATOMIE.

Tis said,—please observe the papers
Issued by the Funkish writers;—
That in Tarrington, a Nutmeg town,
Was born famed Master Johnny Brown,
Heir in line of Bob the Puritan,
Peter the Cromwellian man,
And Gideon who took Burgoyne,
And found a place to lodge him in.
That on that same portentous night,
When Master Johnny saw the light,
Black Pudding, very freakishly,
Fell upon the roost and piggery;
And *sold* a quantity of *wind*,
Bought, and retailed out for mind,
For full half a century's time,
In Master Johnny's native clime.
That this chick of the wry-faced stock,
The cross shewed with the fighting cock,
Even yet in the cradle lying,—
One might behold the wool flying

From off his Ebo nurse's head,*
Whene'er young Hercules was fled.
That thro' his youth these two spirits tried
The one the other to o'er ride,
Till both the mastery seemed to gain,
To establish and to maintain;
Hence, the Gospel holding in one hand,
With the other he grasped the fire-brand,
The sword he bathed in sterling blood,—
Nor evil—howe'er great eschewed:
By virtue of his casuistry,
Were property and humanity
Fair and righteous sacrifice,
And grateful to his divinities.
Thus a mortal, with proclivities
Dark and damning,—by the mysteries
Incapable of mortal sin,
May a lifetime be dealing in
Blood and rapine, as a business,
All sleight of hand,—and thievishness;
And as a knave and traitor—dead,
In glory live, and soar o'erhead,

* During the childhood of Brown, negro servants nursed Northern children.



While below, in long procession,
Move the Funks with tortuous motion.

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A thing o'erwhelmed with sanctity,—
Precious cruiser of the Nutmeg sky.
So dangles Ossawatomie,
From the beam of spirituality;
His neck entangling with a cord,
Of a thousand Isms,—twisted hard,
And strong enough, in their fusion,
To wag and nod pretension on.
While below, in long procession,
Move the Funks with tortuous motion;
Trumpeter, of course, most prominent,
With bandaged features, 'jected bent,
And pressed down 'neath a massive bell,
On which is played a funeral knell
By the Reverend Bull Sturgeon,*—
Who sings a dirge,—and a poor one;
But he does his best, as he plies
The air, with *Immortal Memories*,†

* C. H. S. A notorious English erratic preacher, who has united himself to the mock philanthropic and Infidel crusade of the North.

† The Reverend Bull says,—"John Brown is immortal in the memories of the good in England, and in my heart he lives." The day of Brown's *knock under* being the same as

And, "*in my double dealing heart he lives;**
On which Windy Bags, as second strives,
In soft and greasy notes of woe,—
Sorrow trailing from hat and elbow.
And speaking out uplifted eyes,
To the Saint--floating in the skies.
Him follows near, the Hooded Traitor;
There being absent Parson Clincher;†

that of the surrender of one Cornwallis, to one Washington, a Virginian,—"the good of England" who fancy, it seems, invasions of right, might make such a holyday of this day, as would enable their *white slaves* to breathe a little of heaven's benignant air; and "the good" in turn, might "live immortal in the memories" of their abject dependants.

* The Sturgeon's heart,—we take his word for it,—receives the horse-thief and murderer in a *lively* manner. With Peter Funk shrewdness, he left his Anti-Slavery opinions out of his sermons sent to America, and when accused of this duplicity, he replies,—"If any think me capable of such double dealing, I doubt not that they judge me by themselves." Was ever man discovered in slippery ways, that he did not wish to make it appear that his frailty was a general one.

† The Rev. Mr. P.'s awful drubbing, by Parson B., must be fresh in the memory of every one: yet we cannot refrain from making a couple of quotations from the letters of the

Traitor sings,—*Glorious Old Buzzard,*"
He himself the seditious bard,
Who composed the mournful ditty
For the Syracusan Coterie.*
Then come Cotton Speculators,†
And the Company of Wool Dealers,‡

Parson to this scandalous pretender. The Parson says, "How do you feel you hypocritical philanthropist, when you reflect that you have urged this old murderous villain on to death and hell?" Again, "We have put some of your party to sleep with *cold planks* under their heads, and others of you we intend shall sleep with *ropes around your necks.*"

* Pryne says—"It was not Congressional speeches that secured freedom in Kansas, but Glorious Old John Brown, with his armed men. *I am proud to say that before John Brown went to Kansas, I had the privilege in an Anti-Slavery Convention at Syracuse, of moving a resolution to buy rifles for him and his boys.*"

† Parties at the North, who were to have amassed large fortunes in cotton, by the negro insurrection in the South.

‡ Editors and others, whose wealth has arisen from their agitation of the Negro question.

Yelper and The Sixty-Eight Signers,*
Technical Fetch† and the Awl Pliers,‡
With the stingless Tarantula,
Stirring up The Fleas of Astabula ;§
And Piddle About----grave, yet sly,
Keeping up continual cry
Of " Buzzard Photographs and Handbills,"‖
At such low prices,----he always sells.
Making 'bout as doleful throng
As e'er followed in the wake of wrong,
Or in solace, sought hope forlorn,
And lucre, dazzling----but all gone.

* Helper and his bosom friends.

† The Gov. of I., who from an assumed technicality in law, allowed one of the Harper's Ferry insurgents to elude the officers of Virginia.

‡ The sympathisers of Lynn.

§ John Brown, Jr., harangues the shades of departed Funkery in Astabula, Ohio.

‖ Photographs of Brown, one dollar each, were sold throughout the countries of the Funks; and prose and poetic Handbills, eulogizing their friend the horse-thief and murderer, were sold by Redding & Co., Boston, for the benefit of Brown's family—price 2 cents.

As bold Saint George the Dragon slew,
Saint Patrick the Irish snakes *put through*,
So *Saint Ossawotomie* and the Skunks
Broke up the nest of Peter Funks.